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A Most Lamentable Comedy—By William Allen White

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Author of The Court of Boyville

PLEASANT RIDGE, in Hancock County, at the close of the eighties, was a prairie village. The prairie of the town merged into the prairie of the country, and only a wall of sunflowers upon the abandoned "additions" marked the line of distinction between plain and village. And because there was no other means of support in Hancock County than farming each of the ten thousand people there was a sky-gazer. The community, the State, the whole Missouri Valley west of Omaha was so closely united in a fraternity of weather-worship that the wind blowing over the prairie bore either a dirge or a hosanna to all who heard it. The great valley had been settled in the seventies, the settlers had borrowed money in the eighties, mortgages fell due in the early nineties, and every one had more land than he could farm closely and more debt than he could handle conveniently.

In '90, when spring came, a crop of despair sprang up in the hearts of the people. Maybe the seeds of the popular melancholy fell in the fallow ground of an April drought which killed the wheat. Perhaps the despair grew from the approaching pay-day on the innumerable mortgages that held the land in their grip. The cause is immaterial; the effect is interesting. It was surprising then, but now it seems marvelous, almost past belief, that all over Hancock County, all over the plains that drain into the Missouri River, men and women fell in the throes of a mental epidemic. The chief hallucination of the mania was that the people owed more than they could pay or in justice should be asked to pay. The mania manifested itself in the formation of a secret order called the Farmers' League. The germ of revolution was in the air. The servant with his talent buried in a napkin was exalted, while he who had increased his ten a hundredfold was execrated, and his name became a byword and a hissing. In a land almost of milk and honey, where not only bread and meat, but pies and cakes, adorned the board of the humblest farmer, the people came to honor the orator who said: "Men are selling their bodies, and women their souls, to get the necessities of life." It was all crazy bigotry, yet, while the mental disorder raged, it held the people in a grip as vicious as a bodily distemper.

Now, when the world turns upside-down many strange things come to the top. Likewise, in a season when men and women glorified their emotions persons of reason were in disfavor, and the ne'er-do-weel found his counsel in demand. In politics the well-known leaders were retired and a new set appeared. The doctor, lawyer, merchant and chief were shoved aside for the horse-trader, the sewing-machine agent, the patent-right peddler, the itinerant preacher, the tenant farmer, the lawyer without clients, the school-teacher without pupils. Pleasant Ridge contributed Dan Gregg to the collection.

Dan Gregg, during the seventies, lived on an upland farm. He was always on the books of the Aid Committee when the drought came, always bringing this week's butter for last week's flour, always experimenting with patent gates on broken fences, and always taking the unpopular side of every debate at the Johnson's Ford Literary. During the boom of the eighties Gregg sold his equity in his farm for enough cash to move to town, where he opened a real estate and insurance office. He barely made a living, but he became known as the town infidel, and his lank figure was familiar on the streets, where on Saturday afternoons he enjoyed wrangling over religion. He quoted Voltaire and Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll with a glibness which too often put to rout in public the ministers whose standard histories and works of fiction Gregg borrowed in private. Whenever there was a third party in county politics, Gregg was foremost in it. Once he ran for the Legislature on the Greenback ticket, and once for the State Senate on the Prohibition ticket. But the vote he polled was too small to report in the returns by precincts.

When the Farmers' League formed Gregg took to it as a duck takes to water; and because it was a weakness of the cause to give a patient ear to sound and fury, the League in Hancock County found in Gregg its natural leader. Men who had laughed at him for nearly a generation saw in their laughter only evidence that they had been blinded by the Money Power. And women who had taught their children to hurry by Gregg on the street when he was talking religion sat rapt under the drippings of his altar when he addressed the League at the Fairview schoolhouse.

In the early spring of '90 Dan Gregg held forth every Saturday in Main Street of Pleasant Ridge, slouching against the sunny side of a building, his broad-brimmed hat on the back of his head. He was full of quips and jibes; thus: "You fellers have heard me say it before, but if you live you'll hear me say it again. I never swallered no 'rithmetic and I ain't et a dictionary. I'm just an ordinary man—common or cookin' variety, as you might say. And what's more, I ain't no politician. For they're smart fellers, these politicians, these here brass-serpents in the wilderness! and, good Lord, how we do worship 'em! We strut around and slap our suspenders and pretend we're free-born American citizens;" and here Gregg would laugh a rasping laugh that could be heard the whole length of the little street. "But just let J. C. Pike come out of his old bank door and snap his fingers at you, and the whole blame lot of you gets down on your marrow-bones and begins knockin' your rattlin' gourds on the earth to show proper respect to your brass idol." Whereat the big guns of the crowd would fire volleys of approval—shouting, "Hit 'em again, Dan!" "That's right!" "Amen, Brother!" "Hurrah for Gregg!"

When Gregg had his crowd in humor for it he would preach doctrine something after this fashion: "Now here's the way this marvelous fabric of our national finance is woven. We common, ornery plugs that Abe Lincoln used to call the great, plain people—we owe J. C. Pike, of the Pleasant Ridge First National Bank, some money. That's J. C.'s assets. But it's our liability. J. C. takes the notes up to Kansas City to the National Bank of Commerce, and sells 'em, and they are the K. C. man's assets, but our liability. And the Kansas City man gets on the train and takes 'em to Chicago and sells 'em to the Chicago National, and they become the Chicago man's assets, but they're our liability." It was Gregg's habit to bend his body forward and slap his leg with his hat every time he roared out the words "our liability." "Then the Chicago man takes 'em down to the National City Bank of New York and sells 'em to old Rockefeller, and they're his assets, but they're our liability. And so it goes till Rothschilds gets 'em in London, and they're his assets, but you bet they're still our liability."

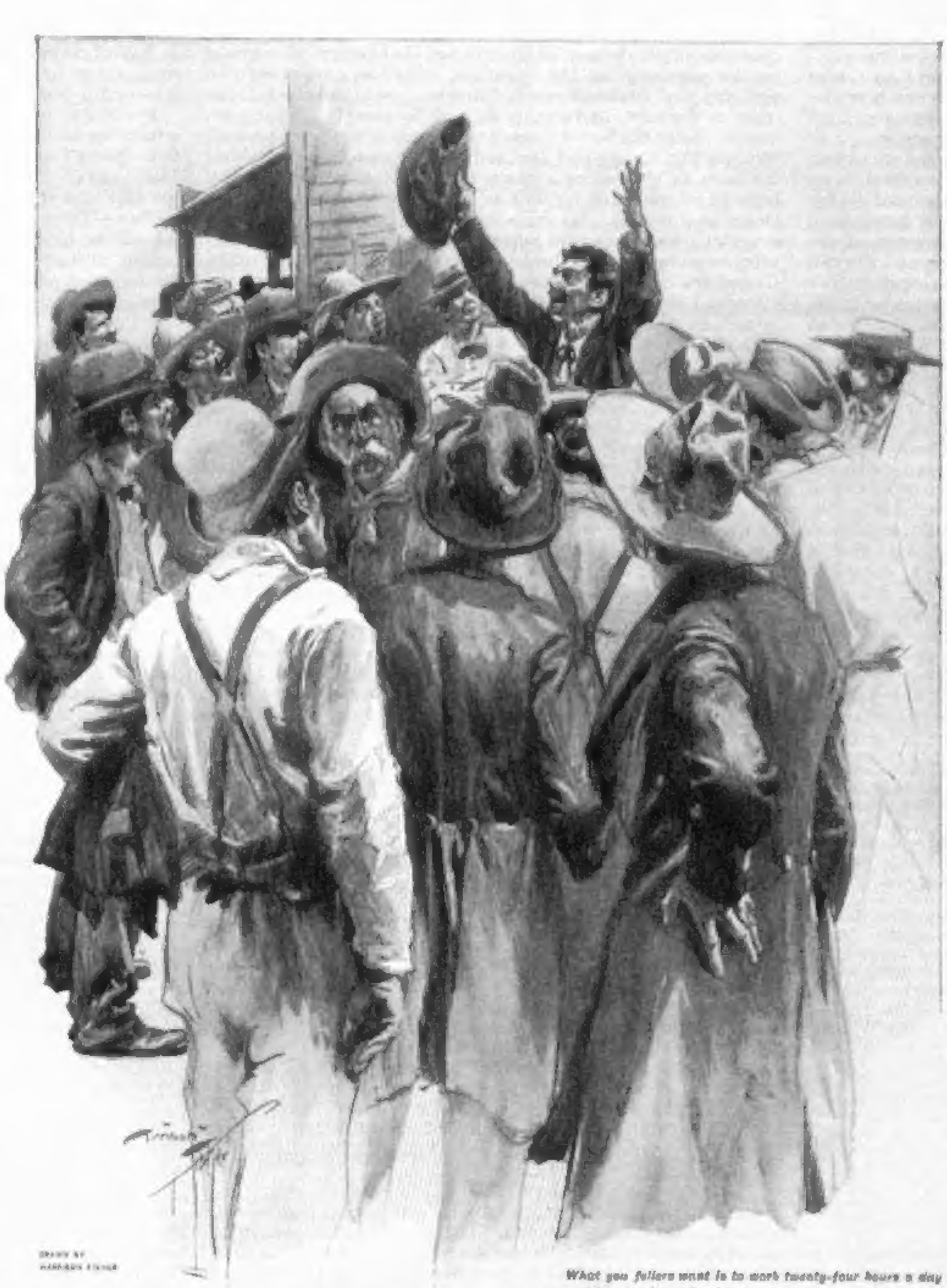
After a nervous silence Gregg would add passionately: "Every man gets assets out of debts but the man that owes 'em—the man that gets up at four o'clock in the mornin' to feed the calves and look after the stock and milk the cows and pay them debts—he gets nothing but liabilities. What I want to see is a law passed that will give us fellers, that dig our toes in the ground and set up nights to pay them debts, a chance to make 'em our assets."

Then his voice lifted as he went on: "I tell you I'm sick and tired of seein' a lot of bandy-legged dudes in high collars standin' around eatin' up our substance and callin' us the ignorant masses. But you ain't," he jeered good-naturedly. If the crowd protested Gregg would wag his head and return: "Oh, you don't fool me! I've heard you before. What you fellers want is to work twenty-four hours a day and twenty-six on Sunday for a slab of bacon and a little good eatin' tobacco, and give the rest of your earnin's to the outfit that comes down the Wolf Creek branch in a special car, eatin' terrapin and drinkin' wines and lyin' awake nights over the terrible moral state of the peasantry."

Then Gregg would break forth again in a laugh that sounded like a rip-saw in a knot, and slap his hat on his thigh and go on down the street looking for another crowd, hoping to find some one who would open an argument. He was loaded for argument. He carried with him the kit and accoutrements of the League lecturer—a small legal-tender note with the "exception clause" upon it, a copy of a rare old bogie, the "Hazzard circular," that told how the crime of '73 was committed, a copy of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He also had a book of statistics that indicated the prices of silver, of wheat and of pig iron from the year of the flood till the day of judgment, or thereabout.

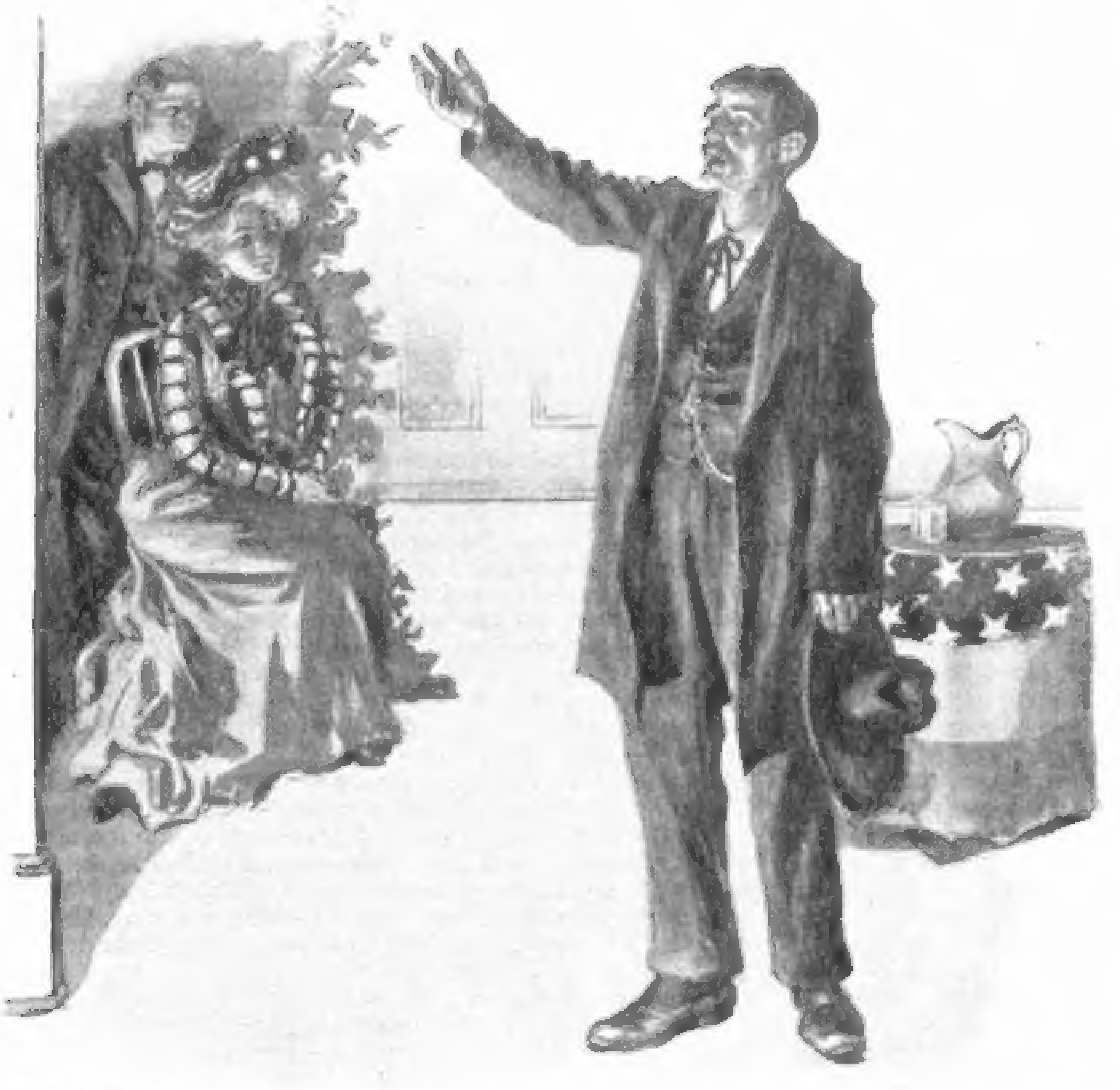
Therefore when the League people needed a Congressional district organizer they chose Gregg for the place, and even as Peter dropped his nets Gregg left home and business to follow the call. By April he was journeying over a territory larger than the State of Massachusetts, organizing the people by school districts into phalanxes to fight the oppressors.

This movement was not Gregg's, nor was it within human control. It was a fanaticism like the Crusades. Indeed, the delusion that was working on the people took the form of religious frenzy. Sacred hymns were torn from their pious tunes to give place to words which deified the "cause" and made gold and all its symbols—capital, wealth, plutocracy—diabolical. At night, from ten thousand little white schoolhouse windows, lights twinkled back vain hope to the stars; for the thousands who assembled under the schoolhouse lamps believed that when their Legislature met and their Governor was elected the millennium would come by proclamation. They sang their barbaric songs in unrhythmic jargon with something of the same mad faith that inspired the martyrs going to the stake. And far into the night voices rose—women's voices, children's voices, the voices of old men, of youths and of maidens—rose on the ebbing prairie breezes as the crusaders of the revolution rode home,



DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

What you fellers want is to work twenty-four hours a day and twenty-six on Sunday



DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

Mrs. Baring caught herself leaning forward on the edge of her chair, feeling the emotional current from the magnet quiver over the crowd

praising the people's will as though it were God's will and cursing wealth for its iniquity. It was a season of shibboleths and fetishes and slogans. Reason slept, and the passions—jealousy, covetousness, hatred—ran amuck; and whoever would check them was crucified in public contumely.

When spring closed much speaking had made Dan Gregg proficient, and his earnestness and enthusiasm gave him eloquence. The fees he received as League District Organizer provided him with the best income he had ever enjoyed, and when his County League put out a non-partisan county ticket, Gregg strengthened himself by refusing every nomination on the list. His faith in the movement grew. He quit jibing at the people and telling them that they would accomplish nothing; he began to promise much. For the germ of the mental madness was working on him. He signed the call for the non-partisan convention in his Congressional district and presided at the convention which put a horse-trader to run against Henry Myton for Congress. Gregg's ideas dominated the Congressional platform, which had some of Karl Marx in it, a little Louis Blanc, with dashes of Parsons and the Chicago brotherhood of anarchists to spice it. Gregg was proud of his platform, and the night following the convention entertained two Chicago reporters until after midnight with his theories on socialism.

About this time Dan Gregg began to be a personage in the State. He was acquiring that indefinable something called prestige. Anecdotes sprang up in his footsteps. His epigrams became sayings and his declarations became final in matters of League policy. When he went to the State capital to sign the call for the non-partisan convention to nominate State officers Gregg's reportorial friends had told the other reporters about him, and his picture appeared prominently in the Sunday papers. The most accurate description ever written of Gregg, as he looked in the famous campaign of '90, appeared in the Sunday Tribune a few days before the League convention. The description occurred in the course of a page-long article about the new movement. Under a subhead, "Pen-Picture of First Conspirator," came these lines:

> Imagine a loose-jointed man who handles himself like a lean, hungry cat—nervous but not fidgety—whose eyes, deep and coal-black, shift as a humming-bird flits; a lantern-jawed man who has invariably shaved day before yesterday; a man whose shock of coarse, black hair rises over his high, bulging brow as if to defy all the combs in the world when he takes off his two-acre black hat. Imagine a sombre, gloomy face, illumined by a lime-light smile, and vocalized by a voice that has the range and power of a slide trombone, and you have Dan Gregg of Hancock County, who might be called "First Conspirator" in this movement. He is the only man in the mob who is impervious to ridicule. Some one at the capital started the story that Gregg had tried to go to bed in the National Hotel elevator, mistaking it for his room, and five hours after he heard it he was telling it on himself for the sober truth. When they introduced Gregg to Harvey K. Bolton, attorney for the Corn Belt Railroad, Bolton said: "Well, Mr. Gregg, I rather expected to find you clanking the chains of slavery." Gregg retorted, beaming at the railroad attorney: "Yes, and I am surprised to find you ain't wearing your iron heels of oppression to-day." Those who have heard him speak say he is a spellbinder. They say he goes stark mad and takes his crowd to bedlam with him. But for all that he is as common as an old shoe. There is a queer streak in him somewhere, for when he is alone his lips move incessantly. But the worst thing to his discredit is that he permits the people to call him "honest Dan Gregg."

The League State Convention, which Gregg had helped to call, met in the opera house at the capital. Gregg did not sit with his county delegation, but mingled with the delegates, and demonstrated that he could be what the reporters called a good hand-shaker.

Among others, Gregg met James McCord, Professor of Sociology at the State University." With McCord was a woman, handsomely gowned, whom McCord introduced to Gregg as Mrs. Baring. The two men met with mutual curiosity, tempered on Gregg's part with respectful admiration. For McCord's name was on the backs of two textbooks on socialism and a book on taxation. When the meeting was called to order, Gregg and McCord and Mrs. Baring went to sit in the wings of the stage. McCord was a short, clean-shaven man with a heavy body; his large head was covered with fiery Scotch-red hair. Mrs. Baring was fair and blue-eyed. She had large, even white teeth, with light wavy hair that would not show the gray for a score of years. She was tall, with the weight that comes to those who like their beefsteaks rare and their game a trifle high. Lines of character, not of worry, were in her face, and an easily-balanced laugh often brought out a double chin—Mrs. Baring was a widow of nearly two decades' good standing. She and McCord were cronies. For fifteen years Mrs. Baring had been able to do what she pleased, to go where she pleased, to entertain whom she pleased, and no one connected her actions with matrimonial designs. So when the People's convention met, before which her brother was a possible candidate for Secretary of State, she felt perfectly free to ask McCord to go with her to the convention. She laughed at the movement that called the convention, yet she was curious to see Dan Gregg, who would be the personage of the occasion. She knew what sort he was, for Mrs. Baring knew politicians. She had studied the tribe at dinners, at receptions, and frequently at her own home. After the formalities of the introduction were passed, Mrs. Baring, Gregg and McCord sat for some time watching the mob in shirt-sleeves take form. The human caldron boiled and sputtered for half an hour getting a Committee on Order of Business. There were no recognized leaders and every one was uncertain whose voice to trust. In the convention were scores of broken-down political outcasts, many Greenback orators whose fame had expired by reason of the statute of twenty years' limitation, young men struggling for prominence, and women jostling for place. But the great majority of the delegates were earnest people sincerely striving to bring about a great reform.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Gregg of McCord.

"Very pitiful—infinitely sad."

Gregg's black eyes snapped a question, but before it could be answered some one called out: "Gregg, Gregg—speech—Dan Gregg!" and the cry swept over the house.

While the chairman pounded the delegates back to the regular order the electricity of the occasion played across Mrs. Baring's face in a little excited smile. McCord said: "You should be proud of that, sir." McCord spoke so kindly that Gregg could not mistrust him, and pushed his question: "Why do you think this is so pitiful, as you said, Professor?"

McCord answered, shaking his head: "They expect so much." Mrs. Baring, smiling with good-humored interest at the spectacle in the pit, cut in rather idly: "They propose to do in a few months what God has failed to do in a good many thousand years." The feminine of it would have been "Providence," but Mrs. Baring said "God."

Gregg stared at her for an instant before he turned to McCord and asked: "How do they expect too much?" Whereat Mrs. Baring catalogued Gregg as a social impossibility.

"They expect to reform the world immediately," returned McCord. "But they will find that human nature, which is at the bottom of our ills, can't be changed at the next meeting of the Legislature."

Gregg was ruminating on McCord's words while the Committee on Resolutions was forming. The name of William Thomas was read. McCord broke in: "What an excavation this movement is!" And Mrs. Baring mused aloud: "Yes, I supposed the bones of that old pleiosaur, Bill Thomas, were reposing in the tombs of the Mound Builders." McCord asked Gregg: "Do the people recognize Thomas?"

"Yes, they do. Why shouldn't they?" asked Gregg irritably. "He is a powerful man on the stump." McCord whirled in his chair and caught Gregg's earnest eyes.

"Well, I'll tell you why. Bill Thomas hurt this State worse in one year by his fraudulent sale of school lands than Wall Street can hurt it in a century."

While the Committee on Resolutions filed out the convention called intermittently for Gregg. He stretched his legs in his chair and suppressed a yawn. But his nerves were wrenched as a thoroughbred's are at the sound of a gong. He retorted ostentatiously: "I don't understand that; he's the strongest man in the First District."

The desire of the crowd for a speech was appeased by another man. He rubbed his hands unctiously and began by pleading for some one to ask him a question.

"When people get wrought up as these people are," McCord replied to Gregg, "they believe that if a man has one strong virtue he has all the virtues; if he has one vice he has all the vices."

The oily man on the platform ground along. Gregg's tightening nerves made him pat a foot on the floor absently. He stared at McCord but did not answer him. Gregg's soul was in the crowd behind him; he felt the convention growing restless. He half arose, and sat back in his chair uneasily. The orator paused to plead again for some one to ask him questions. Gregg itched to get on the platform and silence the multitude. McCord tried to recall Gregg to their conversation by saying:

"Don't think I'm against you, Mr. Gregg, nor the movement. I'm with it heart and hand." Gregg blinked at McCord rather stupidly for a moment and put his hand on McCord's chair and responded dully as a man making talk:

"I'm mighty glad of that, Professor. We need brains in this thing terrible bad."

The man on the platform was talking against almost open rebellion at his continuance, as McCord replied:

"I don't know; my theory is, that too much brains hurts a cause. Would Stephen have been stoned to death if he had not known how many hundreds and thousands of years away his ideal was?"

Mrs. Baring had been watching Gregg's rising passion. It stirred her against her will. Gregg was walking up and down by his companions. His eyes were big and glowing, and occasionally he ran his long fingers through his coarse black hair. The woman took McCord's words from his mouth and said to him, rather than to Gregg, as her eyes turned from McCord to Gregg:

"It's mad enthusiasm that makes things move in this world, I think."

Gregg stopped before her and seemed to be muttering the words: the spirit of the crowd was upon him and about him—like a wraith. The man before the convention was floundering; some one in the back part of the opera house rose. The flurry distracted Gregg and he neglected to reply to Mrs. Baring, but kept smiling at her. The interrupter was saying:

"Misther Speaker, I have wan quistion." The house became suddenly quiet.

The orator on the platform was beaming. It was his trick to trip up questioners with repartee. He replied to the Irishman:

"Why, certainly, as many as you please."

"Wull, thin, sor, tell me," retorted the questioner—"tell me and two hundred and fifty sweatin' fellow-citizens why in h—— you don't saw off and give Dan Gregg a chanst?"

For five minutes, and that is a long time for any public gathering to continue in one mood, the convention laughed and cheered and laughed. Gregg's heart was pumping fire. His eyes reflected the flames. Then some one began stamping his feet to a rhythm and calling: "Gregg—Gregg—Honest—Dan—Gregg." Two, three, half a dozen, half a hundred joined the chant, and in a minute the whole convention was calling in unison for Gregg, who was stone-blind drunk with the elixir of power. As Gregg rose he said to McCord, but he looked at Mrs. Baring:

"I'm kind of ashamed to make this speech before you, Professor. I'd rather make it before almost any man in——" But the chairman, who had just finished introducing Gregg as the Abraham Lincoln of the Missouri Valley, was rushing him on the stage, and he appeared amid a roar of cheers.

The crowd caught Gregg's infectious grin as he sauntered down the stage, with one hand in his pocket and the other swinging his big, black hat. He nodded carelessly to the chairman, put his hat beside the water pitcher and stepped forward while the crowd yelled its approbation. He put his hand to his long, clean-shaven chin, and blinked at the audience for a moment, then, stretching out his arms, he commanded quiet. He began in a deep, repressed, conversational voice:

"If Wall Street has got any friends in this meetin'" (the elision of the g occurred with deliberation) "I judge from their hallelujahs that they hain't exactly unregenerate and impenitent. I take it they are at least on prayin' and intercedin' terms."

Mrs. Baring caught herself leaning forward on the edge of her chair, feeling the emotional current from the magnet quiver over the crowd.

When the applause cleared, Gregg went on:

"As I understand it, this convention didn't come to town in private cars and special trains; consequently I am told that we are socialists, bomb-throwing anarchists and enemies of society." He paused a moment, locked his hands behind him, paced half-way across the stage, then said in low, solemn, deliberate tones, as he unclasped his hands and leaned forward with his finger cocked and pointed at the crowd:

"My friends, eighteen centuries ago they would have crucified us for the Ocala platform. To-day they are only trying to keep us out of the State House. The world is really growing better." After the laughter had ebbed he proceeded:

"I'll tell you, it's no laughing matter. If the Ocala platform incite these blood-sucking Wall Street vampires to anger, what in God's name would they do if some one should rise up to preach the Sermon on the Mount!"

That was the last sentence that any reporter got. The speech could not be reported any more than the gyrations of a serpent charming a bird may be put in words; any more than the reflections of a revolving mirror may be made a matter of record. The man who waved his arms and played on the marvelous instrument of his voice became transformed. His loose muscles assumed the rigidity of catalepsy. He fell into a slow, mechanical, catlike walk, following the lines of a double elipse up and down the stage. At his climax he stood stock-still and talked. It was stifling hot. As the wind makes billows in the prairie grass, Dan Gregg, who was not Dan Gregg, but a magician, swayed the great crowd at his whim. The delegates laughed, they cried, they shuddered; they clenched their fists; they cheered and knew it not, and orators and auditors, chained together by a common frenzy that each produced upon the other, went out of reason together.

When he had finished speaking Gregg hastened back of the scenes. There was a hysterical din of tin horns, kazoos, stamping of feet and the clamor of a multitude of voices. Gregg fell limply into a chair, apart from the others. Mrs. Baring expelled a full breath and, beneath the din, said to McCord: "Heavens, what a marvelous one-string trick-fiddler he is! I feel that I've been the string which he's played all his tunes on." Then smiling, she added, as the chiffon at her throat fluttered in an exhausted sigh: "How frazzled out that sort of thing leaves one!"

McCord waved his hand excitedly and cried: "Why, it was magnificent, superb!"

Mrs. Baring, still a little pale and a-tremble, but with a steady, merry eye, shook her head and replied: "The second reincarnation of Marat, Jimmy; clever, uncanny—legerdemain!" The applause was becoming spasmodic. McCord went over to Gregg and put out his hand, and said as the men's hands gripped:

"It was most wonderful, sir; in spirit I bow my head to your heel as the knight of old bowed to his king, to let you know that henceforth in this cause I am your man." It was rather a formal speech, but McCord did it well, and that night, amid a crash of applause, the ballots were cast which nominated by acclamation Dan Gregg, of Hancock County, for Governor on the Non-partisan People's Party ticket. It took all the next day to nominate the other candidates on the State ticket. William Thomas, McCord's aversion, was nominated for State Treasurer. A woman writer of a League song-book, who had never taught school, was nominated for State Superintendent of Instruction. Mrs. Baring's brother, George Evans, a short-grass country school-teacher, who had made some reputation as a stump speaker, was put up for Secretary of State; a rich farmer in the stock-raising country for State Auditor; and thus the ticket grew.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dumas and the Château D'If

THIRTY years ago the officers of the Guard invited the man who had written The Three Guardsmen to dine with them at their mess. Old soldiers all of them, they had fought in the Crimea, winning battles for England, and in Mexico. Always Dumas' novels had traveled with them, and Edmond Dantes of Monte Cristo, Margot, D'Artagnan and Bragelonne were as real to them as the flag for which they fought. And Dumas, this grandfather of Kipling, loved the soldier. Indeed, from kings to cooks, there was nobody Dumas did not like. He had a mania for approbation. (You remember, of course, that Dumas was a mulatto; his own son—he who wrote Camille and many another notable play—said of him: "When my father got his first carriage he used to mount on the box himself in order to make people believe he was rich enough to keep a negro coachman.") Midway in the dinner a letter was brought to Dumas. Mr. Simms, who owns the letter, has permitted me to copy it. It read:

> The sub-officers and privates of the Guard now under punishment beg to inform M. Alexandre Dumas that they have learned of his presence at the officers' mess to-night. They hope the illustrious novelist will use his influence with the Colonel and open the doors of the little Château D'If, where they are locked up in accordance with military discipline. Alexandre Dumas has so often charmed their leisure in camp and field with his stories of warlike exploits that they hope to be able to make his personal acquaintance to-night.
>
> THE "EDMOND DANTES" OF THE GUARD.

Dumas passed the letter to the Colonel, who wrote on the back of it these words:

> All punishments are remitted. Granted with the best good will.
>
> COLONEL LACRETELLE.

"Let me release them," said Dumas. He made his way from the messroom to the military prison.

"Forward, my lads!" he shouted; "the Colonel has pardoned you all."

The soldiers swarmed out shouting, "*Vive Dumas!*" and the Colonel asked them into the messroom.

Tales of Old Turley—By Max Adeler

Author of Out of the Hurly-Burly

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THE MARCH OF INVENTION

ON A SATURDAY afternoon in summer-time Captain Elijah Bluitt sat in the library of his house upon the river-bank in the town of Turley, conversing with Reverend Doctor Frobisher. The chair occupied by Doctor Frobisher was placed by the front window, and the minister, as he talked, rested his elbow upon the window-sill.

Glancing outward while he was in the midst of one of his sentences, his attention was attracted to a wagon that stopped in front of Captain Bluitt's gate. The wagon bore a burden of so odd a kind that the clergyman did not complete his utterance. Instead, he turned to Captain Bluitt, and pointing his finger toward the wagon, said:

"Why, what is that?"

Captain Bluitt came to the window. After looking at the queer object on the wagon, and at the bustling man who appeared to be directing the driver, Captain Bluitt, smiling, said:

"That must be my catapult."

"Your catapult!" exclaimed Doctor Frobisher, astonished.

"Yes," responded the Captain. "You know I had a kind of a notion that I should like to see a real catapult—I have read so much about the machine—and a few weeks ago, when I was talking to Judge McGann about it, he offered to make one for me. I guess he has it on the wagon. It looks like it, anyway."

The clergyman seemed much amused.

"I really have some curiosity about it myself," he said. "I haven't given catapults a thought since I read Livy, at school."

"Exactly!" said Captain Bluitt. "I got my ideas about catapults from Cæsar. You know how it is; when you have read and read and read about a thing you want to see it. McGann insisted that he was thoroughly familiar with the whole catapult business—a kind of a catapult expert, in fact—and so I told him to go ahead and build one."

"I have no doubt at all," said the minister, "that King Uzziah built them in Jerusalem. Refer to Second Chronicles, twenty-six."

"I don't remember hearing of that," said the Captain. "So we have sacred as well as profane history behind us. If the thing works I'll lend it to you to give illustrations to your Sunday-school. Here comes McGann. He wants to see me. Shall we go out to him?"

The Captain and Doctor Frobisher took up their hats as they passed through the hall, and came to the front door just as McGann had his hand upon the knocker.

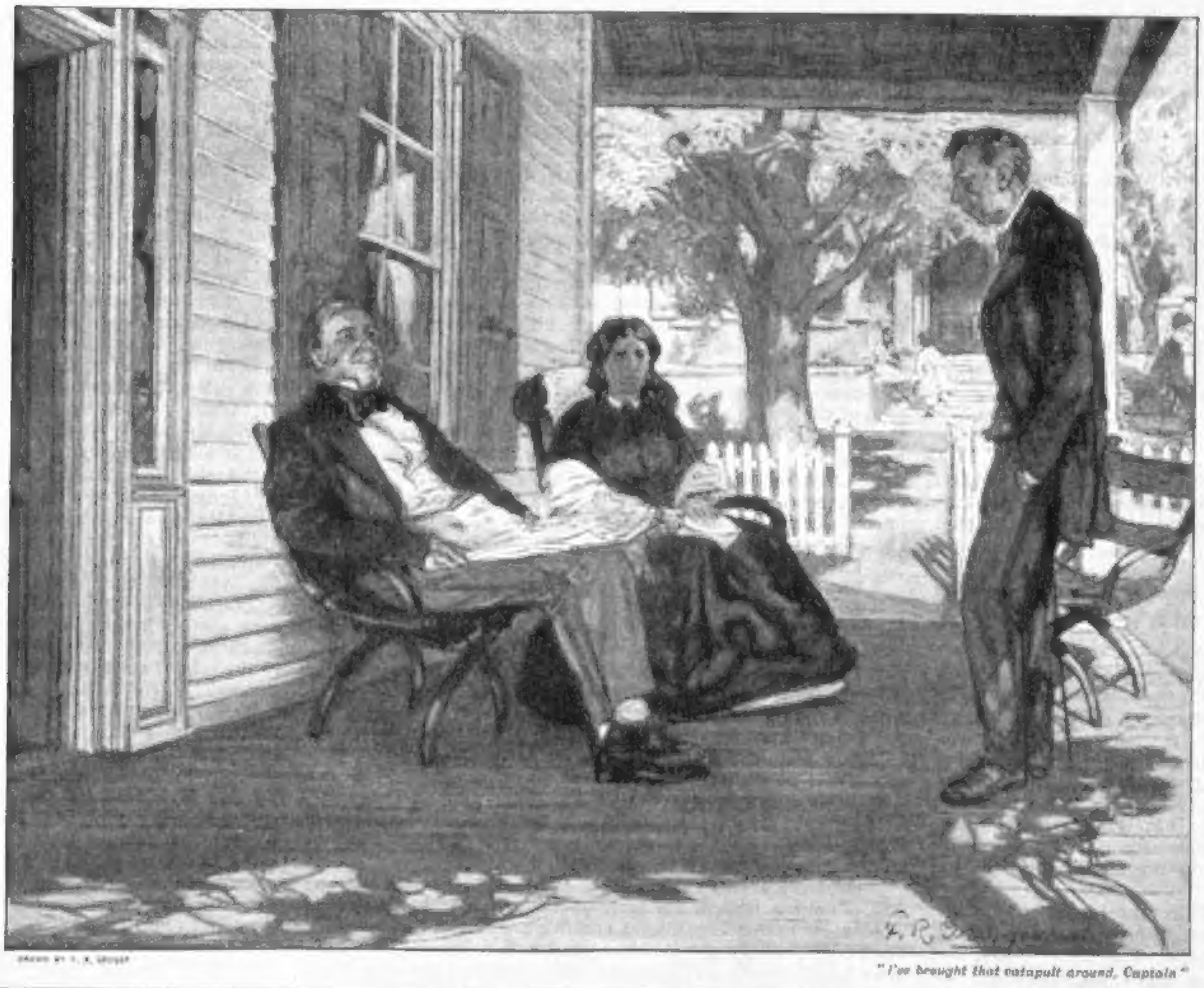
"I've brought that catapult around, Captain," said McGann, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to the wagon in the street. "Where shall I put it?"

"Is it heavy?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, not so very heavy; four men can carry it, surely."

"I will call Rufus," said the Captain.

When Rufus, Captain Bluitt's hired man, had been summoned he was sent for two other men, who, with Rufus and the driver of the wagon, should carry the machine into the garden.



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"I've brought that catapult around, Captain"

Doctor Frobisher stood by the gate waiting, while Captain Bluitt, accompanied by McGann, walked around the wagon examining the catapult.

"It seems to me, Judge," said the Captain, "there is more in that catapult than the specifications call for."

"I know," responded McGann. "Just as soon as I began to build it new ideas swarmed into my mind and I introduced some of them here and there. But you needn't worry, Captain. You wanted a catapult, and there you have it. I'll bet that for all-around effectiveness the world never saw such a catapult as that before."

Captain Bluitt looked vexed and disappointed.

"That's all very well, Judge," he said, "but I told you particularly I wanted just an old-fashioned catapult—a historical catapult—like Titus used at the siege of Jerusalem."

"Very well," answered the Judge; "and here you have it, only with what you may call emendations. The world has moved, Captain, in two thousand years, and it is hardly possible to put together a catapult now without infusing into it some little tinges of advanced scientific feeling. There are happy thoughts in that catapult of mine that would make Titus blink."

"I suppose we can't help it now," said Captain Bluitt mournfully, "but really I don't care so much to believe that we should make Titus blink as I do for faithfulness to history. Here is Doctor Frobisher arranging to use this machine to illustrate the Second Book of Chronicles to his Sunday-school, and how is he going to do it if you have loaded the thing down with modern ideas?"

"Well," said the Judge, with a downcast look, in which still there were gleams of cheerfulness, "I'm awful sorry if the machine is not exactly what you wanted; but the fact is I'm made so that I can't work backward toward the old things; I have to push forward or stop. But you just wait until you see the machine in action, and you'll change your mind. I want to tell you that you've got the liveliest catapult for straight business that was ever made by the hand of man."

At this moment Rufus returned with two sturdy helpers, and when Judge McGann had given

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Editor's Note—This is the first of six Tales of Old Turley, by the author of Out of the Hurly-Burly. Though a thread of continuity will run through all, each story will be complete in itself. The other five tales will appear in early numbers of this magazine.

directions for removing the machine from the wagon and Captain Bluitt had designated the spot in the garden where he wished to have it placed, the Captain, the Judge and the Minister walked slowly around to the side of the house.

"I have applied for a patent on that thing," said the Judge, as if he had just happened to remember the fact.

"Not a patent on a catapult!" said Doctor Frobisher.

"Why, certainly."

"You can't do that, Judge," remarked Captain Bluitt. "The machine is thousands of years old. It was invented by Pliny."

"By Dionysius the Elder," said the Minister.

"Well, anyhow," responded the Captain, "it's a little too late for the Judge here to put in an application for a patent. They'll never allow it."

"Not a patent on the general, broad catapult idea," said the Judge. "Not that; but on my improved attachments and auxiliaries for catapults. They are all brand-new. Rome began the thing. Turley completes it."

"What kind of attachments, for example, have you?" asked Doctor Frobisher.

"Well," answered the Judge, "to begin with, I cushion the throwing-arm on rubber. That improvement is mine. Livy never heard of it; nor Titus, either."

"Never!" exclaimed Doctor Frobisher.

"Then I introduce my Energizing Fly-Wheel, which ——"

"You haven't gone and put a fly-wheel on that thing, Judge, have you?" asked Captain Bluitt, with pain in his voice.

"Yes, of course: my Energizing Reciprocating Fly-Wheel, with an Accumulator fastened to the Crank-Pin."

"What for?" demanded Captain Bluitt. "Titus never heard of such a thing as a fly-wheel; do you think he did, Doctor?"

"I should hardly think so," answered Doctor Frobisher.

"I wish you had left it off," said the Captain almost angrily.

"Left it off!" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, man alive! that would have spoiled the whole thing. That is the central point, the vital point, if I may say so, of my whole catapult system."

"Well," said Captain Bluitt, with some manifestation of irritation, "I ask you what it is for?"

Rufus and the other burden-bearers came staggering by with the catapult upon their shoulders.

"Put it right down there," said Captain Bluitt, pointing to a place upon the grass.

"And be careful not to twist that crank-pin," exclaimed Judge McGann. "Here, let me show you."

The Judge put his hand to the machine, and with some manifestation of affectionate tenderness helped to deposit it safely upon the sod.

"Now, Rufus," he said, "bring that fly-wheel and the wrenches and straps and other things from the wagon."

Captain Bluitt and Doctor Frobisher sat upon a rustic bench to await developments. The Judge took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief as he said:

"You ask what it is for—what the fly-wheel is for. I answer, it is to get Momentum! If you can discover just how many units of Momentum can be developed I can tell you within a fraction what the effective working-capacity of your catapult will be. Now, the only way I can think of by which you can get Momentum in the best modern shape is by employing a fly-wheel, and there never was a fly-wheel tacked together that would give you Momentum as readily as my Energizing Fly-Wheel with the Reciprocating Attachment."

"I don't see how you are going to illustrate the Second Book of Chronicles to the Sunday-school with that thing, Doctor," said Captain Bluitt, gloomily.

"I don't clearly see it myself," replied the clergyman.

"Let me explain it to them," said Judge McGann. "There is no trouble about it. A child can understand it."

"Well," said Captain Bluitt, "it is beyond me."

"Now, don't get worried about it and talk in that despondent way," said the Judge sorrowfully. "Wait until I open the subject out to you."

"Well, then," exclaimed Captain Bluitt desperately, "go ahead and open it out."

"I will," said the Judge. "Now, start at the beginning. What do you want to do with that machine?" And the Judge pointed to it.

"I wanted to know how Titus worked it at the siege of Jerusalem," said Captain Bluitt sadly; "but Titus never dreamed of a thing like that, with rubber cushions and fly-wheels."

"No," said the Judge, with firmness in his voice, "what you want to do, first of all, with a catapult, is to Energize it."

"Hah!" breathed the Captain, not without an intimation of contempt.

"Now, how *will* you Energize it?"

"Don't ask me," said Captain Bluitt, looking out over the river. "You're the only man who knows."

"You start with Torsion."

"With what?" asked Doctor Frobisher.

"Torsion. That is the basic principle, if I may say so, of the ancient catapult. You get it by twisting and twisting and twisting the strong rope that you see in the middle there."

"How do you twist it?" asked the Captain.

"There are many methods. Mine is to use my Energizing Fly-Wheel, which helps to store the energy in the Torsion-Rope. Then, when it is stored, the Reciprocating Attachment comes into play; the Energizing Fly-Wheel starts in the opposite direction, gaining in Momentum, and the heavily loaded rim of the wheel takes up the stored force in the Torsion-Rope: with what result?"

"I give it up," said Captain Bluitt sternly.

"There can be but one result," answered the Judge. "The catapult discharges its missile with deadly effect, and the Energizing Fly-Wheel goes right on, impelled by Momentum, and gives the Torsion-Rope a twist in the opposite direction. You put another missile in the Receiver and a reverse action sets in, and the Fly-Wheel does the whole business over again."

"You mean that it will work right along, automatically?" asked the clergyman.

"Right along. Set it and start it, and it will act without interruption until you put on the Safety-Brake."

"That looks to me like perpetual motion," said Doctor Frobisher.

"Call it that if you want to," answered the Judge. "In fact it is the discovery of a new force. That is where modern science comes in. I made that discovery. The force is a combination of Torsion and Momentum, and so I call it Torsentum. My patent is on that."

"Tormentum, did you say?" asked Captain Bluitt, with a touch of bitterness.

"Torsentum; I worked the thing out on paper first, and now I have embodied it in this machine. My idea is not to call the machine a catapult, but the McGann Multiple Energizing Momentum Engine."

"Of what use is it?" asked the Minister.

"I suppose," said the Judge thoughtfully, "it might be applied to many kinds of service. It was my notion, for one thing, that you could employ it to dig artesian wells."

"Titus would have blinked at that, sure enough!" said Captain Bluitt.

"If the device fulfills my expectations," said the Judge, "I thought we might get up a prospectus and organize a company. That is, if Captain Bluitt is willing."

"Perfectly willing, Judge," said the Captain; "I surrender all my rights now. If you will take the thing away I shall find a good carpenter to make me exactly what I want."

"You will want this," said the Judge blandly, "when you become familiar with it. You won't object to have it remain here, will you, until you see it work?"

"Oh, no!" answered the Captain.

"The fact is," continued the Judge, "I am a little bit curious about it myself. Of course I am sure that it will work, because the principle is right, but practical experiment is the final test."

"Do you mean to say you never had it at work yet?" asked Captain Bluitt.

"Of course not! I only drove the last nail at four o'clock and I put the machine right on the wagon to hurry it down to you. You will see the first victory for this great product of human invention."

"I'll bet it won't go," said the Captain.

"You might just as well bet that the sun won't rise to-morrow morning," answered Judge McGann. "I hate a man to look on the dark side of things all the time. You wait till I adjust the Fly-Wheel and the other appliances and life'll look brighter to you. Rufus, roll that wheel over here!"

Judge McGann removed his coat, and taking up some of the tools that had been brought from the wagon he laid them upon the frame of the machine while Rufus and Henry lifted the Energizing Reciprocating Fly-Wheel to its place.

"Force it right upon the shaft," directed the Judge; and the two men put it into that position.

Then the Judge began to work in earnest, while Rufus and his companion stood by watching and ready to help.

Captain Bluitt and Doctor Frobisher, from their place upon the rustic bench, considered the proceeding with curiosity, if not with large hopefulness; and while they considered it, a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five years came into the garden and approached them.

Captain Bluitt greeted him heartily and then, presenting him to the clergyman, he said:

"Doctor Frobisher, this is my nephew, Walter Drury. He has just come over from Donovan to spend Sunday with us."

When the Captain explained to Walter the nature of the machine upon which Judge McGann was then concentrating his attention and energy, Walter laughed and said:

"I was always curious about catapults. I am glad I got here just in time."

"Of course; everybody is curious about them," said the Captain, "and I am delighted to have you with us; but the Judge, there, has spoiled the machine, in my opinion. I didn't want an American Freak; I wanted a catapult of the first century."

"Don't be impatient," said the Judge, turning his head toward the group while his hands were busy screwing up a nut. "I'll have her all ready in a few minutes. Now, Rufus, hand me that Crank-Pin. Now, hold it there while I put on the Accumulator."

"It seems to me," said Walter as the Accumulator was pushed into position, "that a catapult must have been a rather complicated piece of machinery."

"The kind that Titus used wasn't," said the Captain.

"Titus who?" asked Walter.

"Titus—the man who besieged Jerusalem. McGann's catapult would have put him into an early grave. I'm disgusted with it."

"There she is!" exclaimed the Judge triumphantly. "Everything's ready. Do you want to put a missile of any kind in the machine the first time, Captain?"

"I don't know. Which way would it go?"

"Any way you want it to go. I can throw a brick or a stone half-way across the river for you."

Captain Bluitt hesitated, then he said:

"I think, maybe, Judge, you'd better be perfectly sure first how the machine is going to behave. I don't want to mutilate any of the neighbors."

"Oh, very well," answered the Judge, "just as you please; but, of course, I know perfectly well how it will behave; it is absolutely under control. I could hit a target at four hundred yards every time. Now, Rufus, you and Henry take that handle and turn it around and around to the right till I tell you to stop."

"What are you doing now, Judge?" asked Doctor Frobisher.

"Putting on the Torsion."

"You do it with your hands?"

"Of course; you must give the machine a start. It needs what you might call a Primary Impulse; then it takes care of itself."

"You believe the frame will stand the strain?" asked the Captain.

"Well, unless my calculations are all wrong, it will stand four times any pull that can be put on it. It's perfectly safe. Bear down hard on that handle, Rufus; don't be afraid. The Torsion is beginning to tell."

"Where is the Momentum?" asked Captain Bluitt, with the tone of a man whose faith needs strengthening.

"Nowhere, now, of course. We'll get that in the Fly-Wheel. Give her three or four more turns, Rufus," said the inventor as the workmen began to show signs of fatigue; "only three or four more."

"Now," said McGann, "let me put on the Safety-Brake! There! You can let go, Rufus."

"Gentlemen," explained the inventor as Rufus and his companion released their hold upon the handle and withdrew in a manner that indicated apprehension, "the machine is ready for action. Captain Bluitt, you had some regrets because I did not slavishly imitate Titus, and Doctor Frobisher, you feared that there would be diminished opportunity for instruction for your Sunday-school. Fix your eyes upon this Multiple Energizing Momentum Engine—for that is what it is—and you will know in a couple of minutes that Titus wasn't in the game at all, and that if Sunday-schools want to examine the wonders of science they can find them here. Now I start her!"

The Judge put his hand upon the Safety-Brake and released the pinion. At once there was a creak and a groan, and the Energizing Reciprocating Fly-Wheel began to revolve with tremendous rapidity. A second later it slipped from the axle, bounded up and down two or three times upon the grass, and then tore across the lawn, uprooted several rose-bushes, dashed through the fence, across the street, over the river-bank, and leaped far out into the stream where, after whirling the water into foam, it made a final jump into the air and then sank out of sight.

Doctor Frobisher and Walter laughed.

"Was that the Momentum?" inquired Captain Bluitt solemnly.

Then the Doctor and Walter laughed again.

"Never mind what it was," said the Judge sulkily. "Didn't I tell you, Rufus, to see that that linch-pin was in the axle? That's always the way! Any fool can spoil a wise man's work. Well," continued the Judge, wiping his hands on his handkerchief as he approached the group, "what's done is done. There's as pretty a job spoiled just by carelessness as you ever saw; and I don't believe I can afford to get a new Fly-Wheel."

"Oh, never mind!" said Captain Bluitt sympathetically. "I believe the catapult is better without a fly-wheel, anyway."

"It is not worth a cent," said the Judge ruefully.

"I think the Sunday-school children will care more for it this way," said Doctor Frobisher, "and I should feel safer in showing it to them."

"You will just leave the machine there, will you?" asked Captain Bluitt.

"For a day or two, anyhow," answered the Judge. "Would you mind if I should tighten up the Torsion before we go, so as to keep the rope in shape?"

"Certainly not. Fix it as you please," answered Captain Bluitt.

Judge McGann expended some further effort upon the engine, and then, as he joined Captain Bluitt and his friends, who walked to the garden gate, he said:

"Now, Rufus, you let that machine alone and keep everybody away from it, and I'll come over on Monday and see what I can do to repair damages."

Next morning, while Captain Bluitt and his sister and Walter Drury were at breakfast, they were startled by hearing piercing screams from the garden. They arose and hurried through the side door to ascertain what was the matter. Emerging, they discovered Rufus and his wife standing beneath the great apple tree, in the upper branches of which was lodged, in a disordered condition, a boy of nine years.

"What is the matter, Rufus?" asked the Captain anxiously.

"It's Archibald, sir," said Rufus.

"Archibald! How did he get in the tree?"

"Judge McGann's infernal machine throwed him there."

While Rufus, with a section of clothes-line, ascended the apple tree with the purpose of rescuing his son Archibald, Captain Bluitt and his companions went over to look at McGann's Multiple Energizing Momentum Engine.

The cause of Archibald's precipitation into the apple tree was plainly apparent. The child had climbed upon the machine with the Torsion tightly set, and while sitting astride of the rubber-cushioned Throwing-Arm, had put his foot upon the Safety-Brake.

Really it was a victory for McGann; but as Captain Bluitt and Walter and Miss Bluitt returned to the house to finish breakfast the Captain said:

"Puella, I shall tell McGann to-morrow to take that thing away. My interest in catapults is not so keen as it was."

On Monday morning Judge McGann called about nine o'clock, and found Captain Bluitt and Miss Bluitt sitting upon the front porch. The Captain told the Judge of the manner in which the engine had dealt with Archibald, and the Judge, with a faint smile, expressive of the presence in his mind of a degree of satisfaction, said:

"Did it actually throw the boy into the tree? I told you there was original force in that machine. Imagine what it would do if applied to useful industry!"

"How would it do to give it to the poor?" suggested Miss Bluitt.

"Could you readjust it?" asked the Captain, "so that it could be introduced in schools for disciplining boys? It seemed to act vigorously with Archibald yesterday morning."

"I hardly think so," said the Judge reflectively. "It is almost too energetic for that."

"It would be perfectly useless, I suppose, for a gas-meter, or to blow our church organ?" said Miss Bluitt.

"Perfectly," responded the Judge. "Wouldn't do at all. The worst of it is," he continued mournfully, "there is no general, active demand for catapults. You are the only man I ever knew who wanted one."

"Have you looked into the Second Book of Chronicles," said the Captain, "to find out what King Uzziah did with his second-hand catapults?"

"I never thought of that," replied the Judge.

Captain Bluitt and his sister and Judge McGann arose and walked to the place where the catapult stood. As they looked at the machine, Davis Cook, the plumber, drove up the street in his wagon. He stopped to glance at the catapult. Then he dismounted, hitched his horse and came to the fence. Presently he said:

"May I come in, Captain?"

"Certainly," responded Captain Bluitt, in a cheery voice; "come right in."

When Davis Cook reached the group he looked with curiosity at the engine, and asked:

"What is that, Captain?"

"A catapult."

"What's it fur?"

"It was intended to represent an engine of war used by the ancient Romans."

"How does it work?"

"You put a great stone or some other kind of missile in here," said Judge McGann, placing his hand on the Receiver, "and it is hurled with tremendous force against the enemy."

"Mighty curious," said Davis Cook; "I should like to see the thing work."

"Captain," said Judge McGann, with a touch of eagerness in his manner, "would you care if I should give the thing just one trial at throwing?"

"Well," said the Captain, with a doubting look upon his face, "if you will be very careful you might try it just once —not more than once."

"Get me a brickbat, Davis," said the Judge. "Of course the real power of the machine can't be developed without the Fly-Wheel, but maybe I can give you an idea of the nature of the performance."

Placing the bit of brick in the Receiver, the Judge applied himself vigorously to twisting the rope. Having struggled with this task until he became much overheated, he put on the Safety-Brake, set the Throwing-Arm and then, turning to Captain Bluitt, said:

"Which way would you like to have it go?"

"Out over the river, of course."

"Very well! Now watch it."

The Judge released the brake, and as he did so the Throwing-Arm gave a fierce jump, swerved to the right and hurled the brickbat right through the garret-window in the gable of Captain Bluitt's house.

Captain Bluitt tried to suppress his anger. Turning to the Judge he said:

"Now, Judge, that's enough! We'll stop right there, I think, before the machine becomes actually murderous. If Titus' catapults had been at all like yours, Jerusalem, in my judgment, wouldn't have been taken until somewhere near about 1837. Get it out! Get it out of here, to-day, sure!"

"I will," said the Judge, with much dejection, "and I'll split it into splinters."

"You want to get rid of the machine, do you?" asked David Cook.

"Yes!" exclaimed Captain Bluitt vigorously.

Davis Cook walked around the catapult, looked narrowly at it, patted it here and there, and seemed to be engaged in a mental struggle of some kind.

"Why don't you raffle it off?" he said at length.

"No!" said Captain Bluitt. "Don't stop for that! Cart it away this morning."

"Do you want it, Davis?" inquired the Judge.

"Well, not so very bad. I'm a peace man, and if I *should* go to war I'd ruther not pull this thing after me. I have a notion, though, to take it off of your hands if I can get it for a bargain."

"What will you do with it?" asked Miss Bluitt.

"Why, the thought occurred to me that I might give it for a birthday present to my wife."

"What would she do with it?" inquired the Captain.

"Oh, I dunno; but she's got an oncommon talent for making things over. It might maybe be fixed-up for an ironing-table, or as a frame for a henhouse."

"What will you give for it as it stands?" asked the Judge.

Davis Cook again walked slowly around the catapult, and felt the rope and examined the timbers; then he said:

"I won't give no money."

"What will you give?"

Davis Cook stopped, leaned against the Safety-Brake, put both hands in his trousers' pockets and after reflecting for a moment, said:

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll trade you two setter-pups for it, and you to pay for carting it to my house."

Judge McGann became red and angry; but when he looked at the stern determination written upon Captain Bluitt's face, he exclaimed:

"What do you think Titus would have said to that, Captain?"

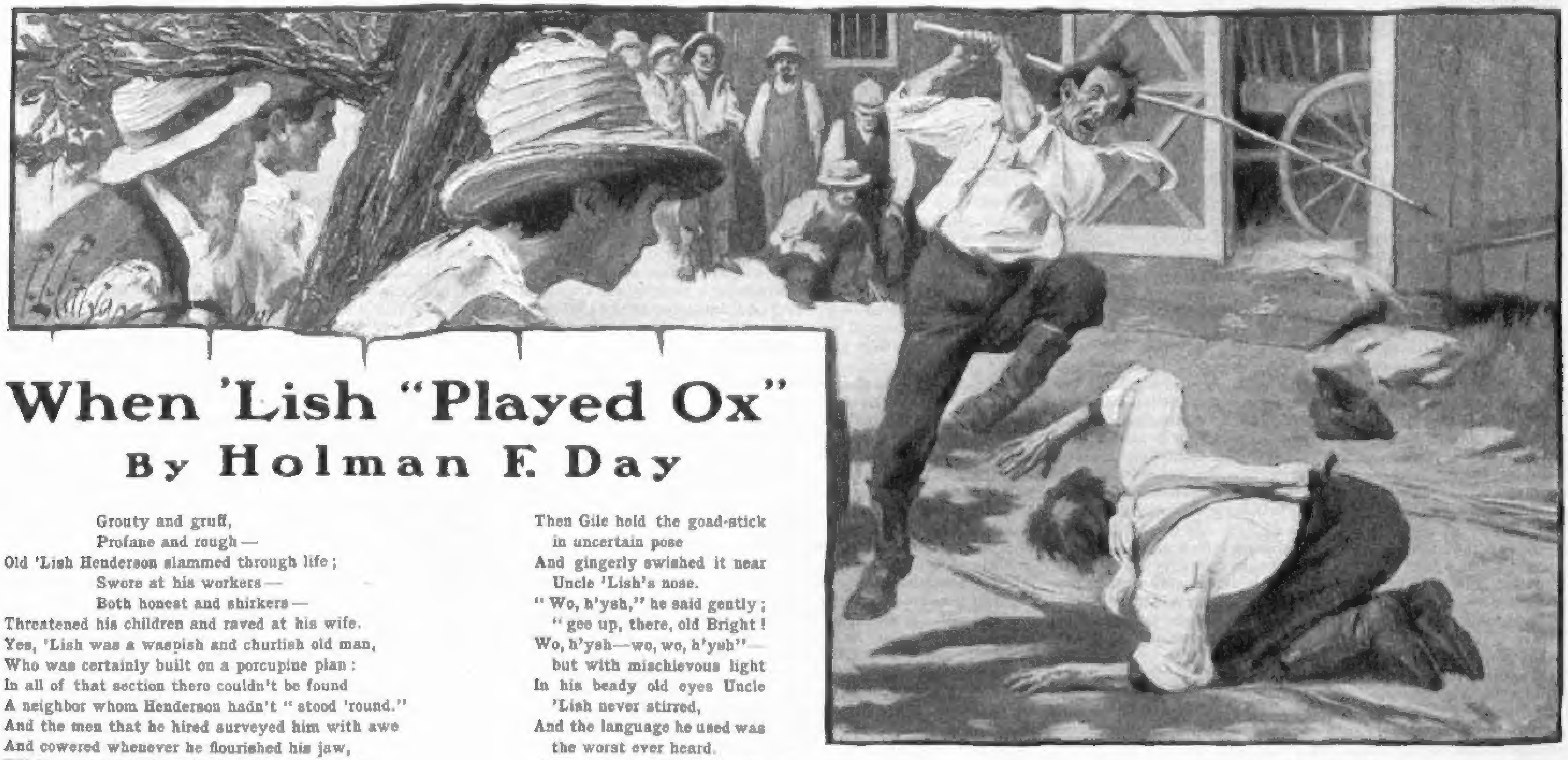
"He would have said, 'Take it!'" declared the Captain.

"I will!" said the Judge. "But, mark me! That winds me up on classical machinery! I'll never spend another hour on a mechanical idea that is more than two years old."

The Judge walked toward the gate, forgetting in his excitement and anger to say farewell to his friends. As his hands touched the latch he stopped, and turning to the group upon the lawn he shouted:

"Davis! You may drown those pups! I don't want 'em!"

DRAWN BY F. L. FITHIAN



When 'Lish "Played Ox"

By Holman F. Day

Grouty and gruff,
Profane and rough —
Old 'Lish Henderson slammed through life;
Swore at his workers —
Both honest and shirkers —
Threatened his children and raved at his wife.
Yes, 'Lish was a waspish and churlish old man,
Who was certainly built on a porcupine plan:
In all of that section there couldn't be found
A neighbor whom Henderson hadn't "stood 'round."
And the men that he hired surveyed him with awe
And cowered whenever he flourished his jaw,
Till it came to the time that he hired John Gile,
A brawny six-footer from Prince Edward's Isle.
He wanted a teamster — old Henderson did —
And a number of candidates offered a bid,
But his puffy red face and the glare in his eyes,
And his thunderous tones and his ominous size
And the wealth of his language embarrassed them so
Their fright made them foolish — he told them to go.
And then, gaunt and shambling, with good-natured smile
Came bashfully forward the giant John Gile.
"Hev' ye ever driv' oxen?" old Henderson roared.
Gile said he could tell the brad end of a goad.
Then Henderson grinned at the crowd standing 'round,
And he dropped to his hands and his knees on the ground.
"Here, fellow," he bellowed, "you take this 'ere gad;
Jest imagine I'm oxen! Now drive me, my lad.
Jest give me some samples of handlin' the stick,
I can tell if I want ye — an' tell ye blamed quick."
Gile fingered the goad hesitatingly, then
As he saw Uncle 'Lish grinning up at the men
Who were eyeing the trial, said: "Mister, I swan,
'Tain't fair on a feller, this teamin' a man."
"I'm oxen — I'm oxen," old Henderson cried;
"Git on to your job or git out an' go hide."
Then Gile held the goad-stick
in uncertain pose
And gingerly swished it near
Uncle 'Lish's nose.
"Wo, h'ysh," he said gently;
"gee up, there, old Bright!
Wo, h'ysh—wo, wo, h'ysh" —
but with mischievous light
In his beady old eyes Uncle
'Lish never stirred,
And the language he used was
the worst ever heard.
"Why, drat ye," he roared;
"haint ye got no more sprawl
Than a five-year-old girl? Why, ye might as well call
Your team 'Mister Oxen,' and say to 'em 'Please!'"
And then Uncle 'Lish settled down on his knees
And he snapped: "Hain't ye grit enough, man, to say scat?
Ye'll never git anywhere, drivin' like that.
I'll tell ye right now that the oxen I own
Hain't driven like kittens; they don't go alone;
There's pepper-sass in 'em — they're r'arin' an' hot,
An' I — I'm the r'ariest ox in the lot."
Then Uncle 'Lish Henderson lowered his head
And bellowed and snorted. John Gile calmly said:
"Of course — oh, of course, in a case such as that ——"
He threw out his quid and he threw down his hat —
Jumped up, cracked his heels, danced around Uncle 'Lish
And yelled like a maniac: "Blast ye, wo, h'ysh!"
Ere Uncle 'Lish Henderson knew what was what
His teeth fairly chattered, he got such a swat
From that vicious ash stick — though that wasn't as bad
As when the man gave him two inches of brad —
Just jabbed it with all of his two-handled might.
"Wo, haw, there!" he shouted. "Gee up there, old Bright!"
Well, Uncle 'Lish gee'ed — there's no doubt about that —
Went into the air and he squalled like a cat;
Made a swing and a swoop at that man in a style
That showed he proposed to annihilate Gile.
But Gile clinched the goad-stick and hit him a whack
On the bridge of his nose, sent him staggering back;
And he reeled and he gasped and he sunk on one knee.
"Dad rat ye!" yelled Gile. "Don't ye try to hook me!
Gee up there — go 'long there! Wo haw an' wo h'ysh!"
And again did he bury that brad in old 'Lish.
Then he lammed and he basted him, steady and hard;
He chased and he bradded him all 'round that yard;
Till 'Lish fairly screamed, as he dodged like a fox:
"For Heaven's sake, stranger, let's play I hain't ox."
Gile bashfully stammered: "Why, 'course ye are not.
Ye'll have to excuse me — I kind o' forgot."

With a queer, twisted smile,
'Lish looked at Gile.
Then he lifted one hand from the place where he smarted;
And he stuck it right out —
Gripped good and stout —
"Ye're hired," said 'Lish. "I reckin I'm started."

The Management of Metropolitan Schools

By Graham H. Harris, President of the Board of Education, Chicago

PHOTO. BY [illegible], CHICAGO

Mr. Graham H. Harris

THE public schools of America are the people's chief estate. No institution comes so near to them. Most people know in a general way that the public school system of a big city is a large institution, but until they are brought face to face with the actual figures few comprehend its enormous magnitude.

As a general rule public schools of municipalities are managed and controlled by a Board numbering from five to twenty-five or thirty members. To this Board is committed the entire charge of all the schools, and it is its duty to see to it, not only that schools are maintained, but maintained efficiently, and that the moneys committed to its charge are carefully and judiciously expended. No branch of our civil government has more important and more exacting duties to perform than Boards of Education.

Let us consider Chicago by way of illustration. Here we expend annually on our school system ten to eleven millions of dollars — more than the city receives from moneys raised by taxation. In Chicago we have invested in schoolhouses over twenty million dollars. The public school system of this city owns real estate aggregating in value over ten million dollars, besides the schoolhouses. The Board's income from its rentals amounts to nearly a million dollars annually.

Chicago but illustrates the conditions which exist in other metropolitan cities. In addition to the property owned and supervised by the Board of Education, there is also under its direction, supervision and control an army of employees, such as teachers, mechanics, professional men, janitors and others. Here the teachers number six thousand, and the other employees nearly a thousand more.

It requires about half a million dollars a month to pay the salaries of the superintendents and teachers alone, and in addition over four hundred thousand dollars a year is expended in the salaries of engineers and janitors who take charge of the school buildings.

To this must be added fifty thousand dollars for the salaries of the employees in the business department alone. It is apparent that in a system of this size complete organization, careful subdivision of the work and minute scrutiny of all expenditures are absolutely essential to a wise and economical administration of school affairs.

Main Duties of a Board of Education

This naturally leads us, for a moment, to pause and inquire as to what is the system pursued and what are the subdivisions made of the duties performed by Boards of Education. Naturally these duties divide themselves into two grand divisions. First, the educational department, which has to do with the employment and dismissal of teachers, and has general control of the educational part of the work — plainly, the school-teaching end of it. The other grand division is that which is termed the business department, which has to deal with the employment and dismissal of engineers and janitors, the purchase or condemnation of school sites, and the erection and maintenance of the school buildings.

The educational department in all large Boards of Education is committed to a man of wide learning as an educator; and he should possess vast experience, not only as a teacher of children but as a judge of men and teachers, for upon the superintendent devolves the responsibility of executing the orders of the Board in and about the conducting of the schools and the selection and appointment of the teachers. He is the educational executive of the Board.

There has been considerable agitation as to what is the best method of selecting teachers in the public schools. On this question there is much difference of opinion among members of Boards of Education, and among educators themselves. In a large city the great danger to the public school system, and, in fact, to any other governmental system, for that matter, lies in the employment of incompetent persons through the exercise of personal influence, or what is denominated "pull."

I believe that all persons who desire to become teachers, or to be promoted, should have the indorsement of the superintendent as to their educational qualifications and their fitness for the positions to which they desire to be appointed, and I am firmly convinced that no teacher should be appointed or promoted without this indorsement. The superintendent, in making these recommendations, will be governed solely by the merits of the respective candidates. This does not leave, however, the members of the Board of Education, nor indeed the patrons of the schools, without a duty in the premises in this important matter. There are many qualifications outside of those purely educational, and many traits of character which the members of the Board of Education or patrons of the schools may be aware of.

The Evils of Political Pulls and Influences

Another serious difficulty with which Boards of Education have to deal are improper influences, trades and "slates," made by members of the educational forces themselves. It is not uncommon, when a vacancy is to occur in a school, for that fact to be concealed from the superintendent until some friend, pet or favorite has been selected and promised the place. Then the superintendent is naively informed that a vacancy is to occur in such and such a school. The superintendent is unable to know the six thousand teachers personally and must naturally turn to others to inquire who is the best person in the school to fill the position. Then, with all the appearance of candor and fairness, the slate previously made up is recommended to the superintendent, and the "goods" before bargained for are delivered. This kind of "pull" or favoritism is just as pernicious and reprehensible as the "pull" that is exerted from the outside in the selfish endeavor to place personal or political favorites.

Boards of Education, like all other public institutions, are subjected to a great deal of criticism. Unquestionably the prerogative of an American is to criticise, and I for one am by no means disposed to abridge or restrict criticism. I believe that we had better have poor criticism than no criticism at all; but I have been amused, in reading articles criticising the action of a Board of Education, at the childish simplicity and almost unpardonable ignorance with which some of the would-be great critics have spoken.

The Confusion of a Would-be Reformer

A most laughable incident of this character occurred to me during the second year of my connection with the Chicago Board of Education as its president. An elderly woman, highly cultured, a member of the leading women's clubs, and one who took great interest in all public affairs, called at my office on personal business. She undertook to discuss, after her business affairs were adjusted, Board of Education matters. I could not take up the matter then, but subsequently met her again on business. After we had finished our business, Board of Education affairs were again broached. Having indulged in some more or less severe but innocuous criticism of the Board of Education, I was informed by this most estimable and intelligent woman that a woman's club of Chicago, of which she was a very prominent and powerful member, had demanded or would demand of the Board the enactment of a certain rule. I told my friend and client that I should be glad to have her submit her rule in writing, and before I left the house it was reduced to writing and I carried it away in my pocket.

The next day she appeared at my office and had an hour to wait before her business could be taken up. I took out of my pocket the rule which she had handed me upon the previous evening and read it over. I turned to my copy of the rules of the Board of Education and there found the selfsame rule in existence, together with data which indicated that it had been duly observed for the past twelve or fourteen years, all of which I knew when the matter was being discussed. I handed her a copy of the rules with the particular matter marked. Subsequently I spoke to her on the subject and found her very much confused and obliged to confess that she was ignorant of the subject of which she was speaking. I inquired the number of women members in her club and was informed that it contained about eight hundred. I instructed my clerk to proceed at once to the Board of Education and get eight hundred copies of this rule, and said to my friend that I believed it was her duty to circulate these among the members of her club. This she declined to do, and I gave her seven or eight extra copies which I had in the office, thus closing this laughable but instructive incident.

No Board of Education, however, is above criticism. And it has been my experience that one who will listen to the suggestions of those whose children are attending the school, or who are interested in the subject, often obtains valuable information of great service to him in the discharge of his important public duty. In fact, most of the advancements from a pedagogic point of view, since I have been a member of the Board of Education, have invariably come from the laymen and not from the educational force, although when they have become a part and parcel of the educational system their importance and bearing have been readily grasped and ably executed by the educational force. Thus, during my term of office, medical inspection in the schools, scientific pedagogy (which consists, briefly, of a study of the child from a physical standpoint), the parental school, the commercial training school, and other movements of a similar character have come from the laymen of the Board and not from the educational force.

Importance of the Business Management

Of more importance, in one view of the case, than the educational questions, are the business questions and the business management of the Board. Without competent management of its financial affairs no great public school system could exist even with the ablest and most brilliant educational executives. In the business department of large metropolitan Boards of Education money is counted by millions and not by thousands. Two or three million dollars every year are spent by Chicago in the building department alone. In Greater New York eighteen or twenty millions are being expended for new school buildings.

When the proper committee or department is advised by the superintendent of schools, or the educational department, that a new school is necessary in a particular locality, certain metes and bounds are set out within which the Board determines to locate a school and within which it advertises for a site. Persons owning property bid, and it often occurs that, as the Board is obliged to purchase large sites, combinations are made to run up the price. This became so aggravated that in Chicago the Board was given the "power of eminent domain," and after having selected a site, if it cannot agree with the property owner as to the price, condemnation proceedings are resorted to. After the site is selected and receives the approval of the Board, the question is submitted to the City Council, which may or may not concur in the selection, that body having the power of veto. If the Council concurs the architect is instructed to draw his plans and submit them to the proper committee, and after his plans are approved he advertises for and obtains bids, like any other business man about to build a house. All persons bidding for work upon Chicago public schools are required to deposit a check, certified by the bank on which it is drawn, for ten per cent. of the amount bid, as a guarantee of good faith, and upon failure to carry out the bid the check is forfeited and the contract is let to the next highest bidder unless his bid is too high.

This system of bidding secures very close competition. The bids are opened in public, all the bidders being present; the checks are called off and a schedule thereof made to show who has complied with the rules; and the customary motion is made that the contract be awarded to the lowest bidder, unless, in the opinion of the committee, all the bids are too high, in which event all the bids are rejected and readvertising is resorted to. Upon the completion of the building an engineer is employed to take charge of it. The ordinary school building in Chicago costs about $125,000 at present building figures, contains eighteen to twenty-four rooms, and houses from one thousand to two thousand children, according to the size of the building. Fire-proof in all respects, with modern heating apparatus, so arranged as to keep the building at a certain temperature with an ample supply of heated fresh air every second, our public school buildings are models of comfort and convenience. When completed the building is dedicated with appropriate ceremonies to the sacred cause of education.

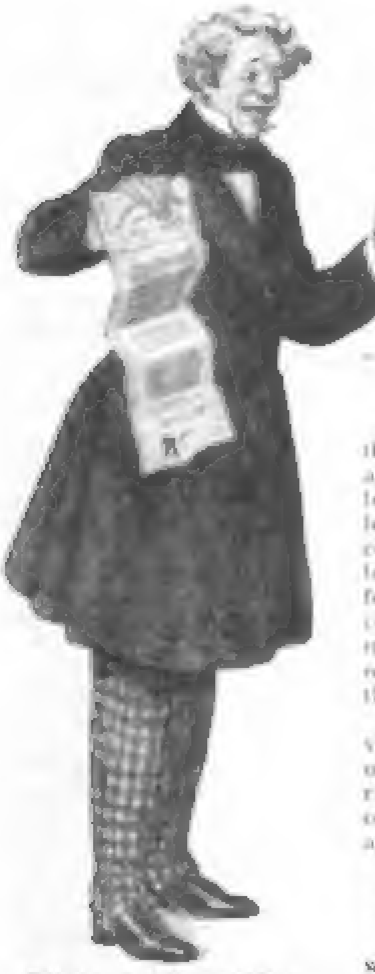
Watchfulness in Managing Millions

A word about the enormous amount of care and watchfulness necessary in the management of the millions of money passing through the hands of a Board of Education! I do not know the system, although I have looked into many of them carefully, which surpasses that which we have in Chicago. Taxes are levied by the City Council, and are collected by the County Collector and by him paid over to the City Treasurer. The amount appropriated for school purposes is set apart by the City Treasurer and held as a sacred fund, unavailable for any cause or for any purposes except those of the schools. This fund may be drawn upon only by warrants signed by the President and Secretary of the Board of Education and countersigned by the Mayor and City Comptroller, thus placing around the fund that is set apart for educational purposes a safeguard which it is impossible to elude.

Our rents, as before stated, amount to nearly a million dollars each year. This also, as well as all other funds devoted to educational purposes, must be placed in the hands of the City Treasurer, to be drawn out on warrants similar to those heretofore mentioned. An indorsement of two of the executive officials of the Board of Education, who are under heavy fidelity bond, is also required before a check or other evidence of indebtedness becomes negotiable. By this careful safeguard not only the members of the Board of Education but the public and the taxpayers are assured that the funds which have been so liberally supplied for this great purpose have reached their proper and legitimate depository.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to Pierrepont Graham, at Lake Moosgatchemawamuc, in the Maine Woods.



He'd let me in on the ground floor

July 7, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont: Yours of the fourth has the right ring, and it says more to the number of words used than any letter that I have ever received from you. I remember reading once that some fellows use language to conceal thought; but it's been my experience that a good many more use it *instead* of thought.

A business man's conversation should be regulated by fewer and simpler rules than any other function of the human animal. They are:

Have something to say.
Say it.
Stop talking.

Beginning before you know what you want to say and keeping on after you have said it lands a merchant in a lawsuit or the poorhouse, and one's a short cut to the other. I maintain a legal department here, and it costs a lot of money, but it's to keep me from going to law.

It's all right when you are calling on a girl or talking with friends after dinner to run a conversation like a Sunday-school excursion, with stops to pick flowers; but in the office your sentences should be the shortest distance possible between periods. Cut out the introduction and the peroration, and stop before you get to secondly. You've got to preach short sermons to catch sinners; and deacons won't believe they need long ones themselves. Give fools the first and women the last word. The meat's always in the middle of the sandwich. Of course a little butter on either side of it doesn't do any harm if it's intended for a man who likes butter.

Remember, too, that it's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom. Say less than the other fellow and listen more than you talk; for when a man's listening he isn't telling on himself and he's flattering the fellow who is. Give most men a good listener and most women enough note-paper and they'll tell all they know. Money talks—but not unless its owner has a loose tongue, and then its remarks are always offensive. Poverty talks, too, but nobody wants to hear what it has to say.

I simply mention these things in passing because I'm afraid you're apt to be the fellow who's doing the talking; just as I'm a little afraid that you're sometimes like the hungry drummer at the dollar-a-day house—inclined to kill your appetite by eating the cake in the centre of the table before the soup comes on.

Of course, I'm glad to see you swing into line and show the proper spirit about coming on here and going to work; but you mustn't get yourself all "het up" before you take the plunge, because you're bound to find the water pretty cold at first. I've seen a good many young fellows pass through and out of this office. The first week a lot of them go to work they're in a sweat for fear they'll be fired; and the second week for fear they won't be. By the third, a boy that's no good has learned just how little work he can do and keep his job; while the fellow who's got the right stuff in him is holding down his own place with one hand and beginning to reach for the job just ahead of him with the other. I don't mean that he's neglecting his own work; but he's beginning to take notice, and that's a mighty hopeful sign in either a young clerk or a young widow.

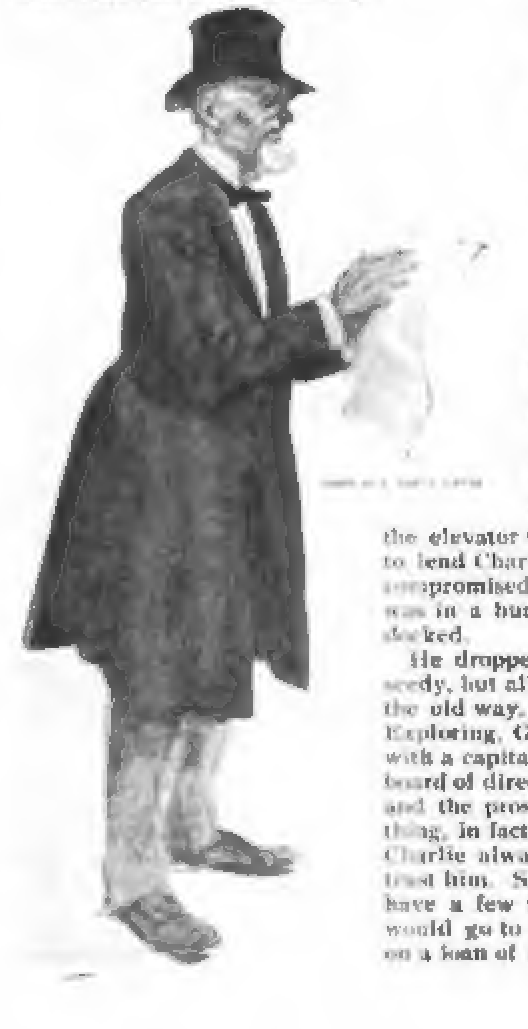
You've got to handle the first year of your business life about the way you would a trotting horse. Warm up a little before going to the post—not enough to be in a sweat, but just enough to be limber and eager. Never start off at a gait that you can't improve on, but move along strong and well in hand to the quarter. Let out a notch there, but take it calm enough up to the half not to break, and hard enough not to fall back into the ruck. At the three-quarters you ought to be going fast enough to poke your nose out of the other fellow's dust, and running like the Limited in the stretch. Keep your eyes to the front all the time, and you won't be so apt to shy at the little things by the side of the track. Head up, and tail over the dashboard—that's the way the winners look in the old pictures of Maud S. and Dexter and Jay-Eye-See. And that's the way I want to see you swing by the old man at the end of the year, when we hoist the numbers of the fellows that are good enough to promote and pick out the salaries that need a little sweetening.

I've always taken a good deal of stock in what you call "Blood-will-tell" if you're a Methodist, or "Heredity" if you're a Unitarian; and I don't want you to come along at this late day and disturb my religious beliefs. A man's love for his children and his pride are pretty badly snarled up in this world, and he can't always pick them apart. I think a heap of you and a heap of the house, and I want to see you get along well together. To do that you must start right. It's just as necessary to make a good first impression in business as in courting. You'll read a good deal about "love at first sight" in novels, and there may be something in it for all I know; but I'm dead certain there's no such thing as love at first sight in business. A man's got to keep company a long time, and come early and stay late and sit close, before he can get a girl or a job worth having. There's nothing comes without calling in this world, and after you've called you've generally got to go and fetch it yourself.

Our bright young men have discovered how to make a pretty good article of potted chicken, and they don't need any help from hens, either; and you can smell the clover in our butterine if you've developed the poetic side of your nose; but none of the boys have been able to discover anything that will pass as a substitute for work, even in a boarding-house, though I'll give some of them credit for having tried pretty hard.

I remember when I was selling goods for old Josh Jennings, back in the sixties, and had rounded up about a thousand in a savings-bank—a mighty hard thousand, that came a dollar or so at a time, and every dollar with a little bright mark where I had bit it—I roomed with a dry-goods clerk named Charlie Chase. Charlie had a hankering to be a rich man; but somehow he could never see any connection between that hankering and his counter, except that he'd hint to me sometimes about an heiress who used to squander her father's money shamefully for the sake of having Charlie wait on her. But when it came to getting rich outside the dry-goods business and getting rich in a hurry, Charlie was the man.

He was President of the Klondike Exploring, Gold Prospecting and Immigration Company



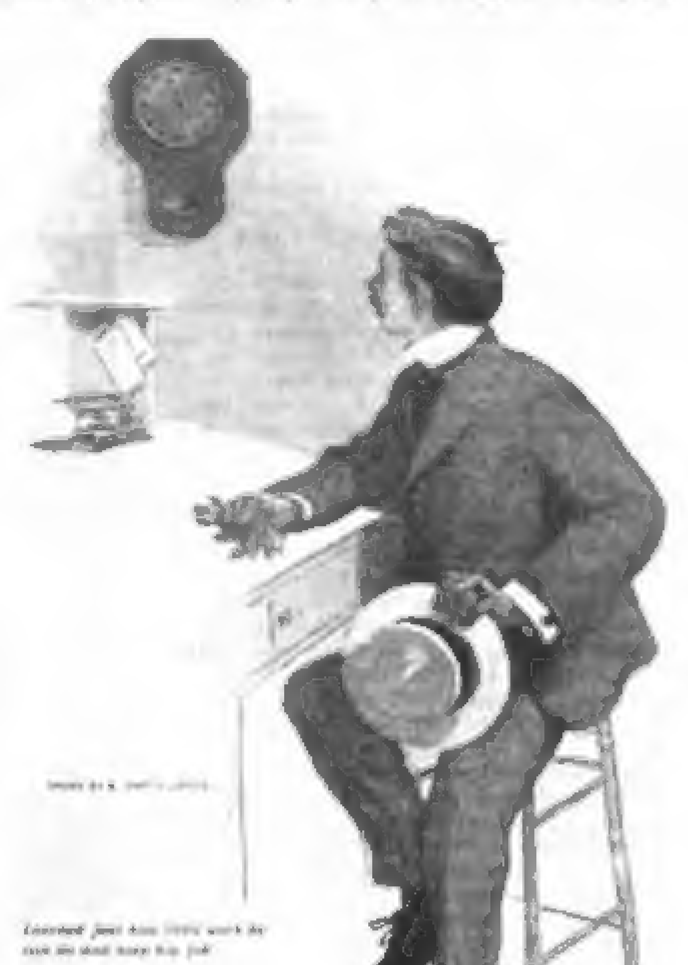
Along about Tuesday night—he was paid on Saturday—he'd stay at home and begin to scheme. He'd commence at eight o'clock and start a magazine, maybe, and before midnight he'd be turning away subscribers because his presses couldn't print a big enough edition. Or perhaps he wouldn't feel literary that night, and so he'd invent a system for speculating in wheat and go on pyramiding his purchases till he'd made the best that Cheops did look like a five-cent plate of ice cream. All he ever needed was a few hundred for a starter, and to get that he'd decide to let me in on the ground floor. I want to say right here that whenever any one offers to let you in on the ground floor it's a pretty safe rule to take the elevator to the roof garden. I never exactly refused to lend Charlie the capital he needed, but we generally compromised on half a dollar next morning, when he was in a hurry to make the store to keep from getting docked.

He dropped by the office last week, a little bent and seedy, but all in a glow and trembling with excitement in the old way. Told me he was President of the Klondike Exploring, Gold Prospecting and Immigration Company, with a capital of ten millions. I guessed that he was the board of directors and the capital stock and the exploring and the prospecting and the immigrating, too—everything, in fact, except the business card he'd sent in; for Charlie always had a gift for nosing out printers who'd trust him. Said that for the sake of old times he'd let me have a few thousand shares at fifty cents, though they would go to par in a year. In the end we compromised on a loan of ten dollars, and Charlie went off happy.

The swamps are full of razor-backs like Charlie, fellows who'd rather make a million a night in their heads than five dollars a day in cash. I have always found it cheaper to lend a man of that build a little money than to hire him. As a matter of fact, I have never known a fellow who was smart enough to think for the house days and for himself nights. A man who tries that is usually a pretty poor thinker, and he isn't much good to either; but if there's any choice the house gets the worst of it.

I simply mention these little things in a general way. If you can take my word for some of them you are going to save yourself a whole lot of trouble. There are others which I don't speak of because life is too short and because it seems to afford a fellow a heap of satisfaction to pull the trigger for himself to see if it is loaded; and a lesson learned at the muzzle has the virtue of never being forgotten.

You report to Milligan at the yards at eight sharp on the fifteenth. You'd better figure on being here on the fourteenth, because Milligan's a pretty touchy Irishman, and I may be able to give you a point or two that will help you to keep on his mellow side. He's apt to feel a little sore at taking on a man in his department whom he hasn't passed on.



Learned just how little work he can do and keep his job

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM.

* * *

Mr. Tarkington's Dress Suit

AMONG the amusing experiences which came to Mr. Booth Tarkington with the publication of The Gentleman from Indiana was one which the author often relates to his intimate friends. The first part of the serial, describing the hardships of the hero editor, had appeared, when Mr. Tarkington received a letter from a Kentucky gentleman of the old school. The epistle expressed the Kentuckian's keen interest in the hero and then went directly to the point. It stated that the young editor was a gentleman of the right sort, and that it was nothing short of heathenish to deny him the garb of a gentleman; that if the author could not afford his hero a dress suit the writer of the letter would take pleasure in sending one from Kentucky.

Immediately Mr. Tarkington wrote a pleasant note in which he asked indulgence for the oversight and promised that the deficiency should at once be supplied. He kept his word, and in the next chapter the hero appeared at the village ball clothed in "the dress of a gentleman."

Mr. Tarkington is now engaged upon a political play called The Man on Horseback. It deals with official life in Washington. He is also working on a novel for which he is making the illustrations. It is his custom to make careful drawings of all his principal characters and maps of the localities described, as an aid to definiteness in literary composition. Heretofore these illustrations have, however, been kept in his private possession.

Mr. Tarkington's hours of work are, from choice, like those of the average newspaper man. He finds that he writes best at night, and therefore he usually begins work in the evening and often works until far past midnight.

The Love Affairs of Patricia—The Inevitable

By Lilian Quiller-Couch

"I HAVE reached," remarked Mr. Featherstone-Hope, with affected gusto, "that period of life when the dinner part of a dinner-party is the essential thing to me."

"You say that," I retorted scornfully, ruthlessly knocking away all his little dignities, "merely because you wish me to believe that *I* am *not* the essential thing to you."

Mr. Featherstone-Hope turned to look at me with hauteur.

"Well?" he demanded.

"The thing's absurd," I asserted.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope continued to look at me, gradually thinking better of the hauteur part of it. In due time we smiled.

These were the first real remarks Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I had interchanged since that morning in Aunt Theresa's garden when I had flicked in his face the news of my engagement to Cousin George, and left him to congratulate my new *fiancé*.

When I had come back to the garden half an hour later to begin my completion of the punishment I found that Mr. Featherstone-Hope had strolled off to the Andes, leaving a message with George for me, to say "Good-by," and that he felt so hot he thought he would go and get some ice. He had been eighteen months getting ice enough, but his insouciance was certainly fairly cool when we faced one another again and he found that he had to take me in to dinner.

I had promised to dine at the Challoners' on this particular evening; and as soon as ever I entered the drawing-room and caught sight of Tom—I mean Mr. Featherstone-Hope—standing there just as he used to stand when I possessed the right *par excellence* to "bid him good-by and go," I felt sure that Sybil Challoner and Mary Tenterden had arranged the whole thing. I don't mean to say that he should have stood differently—on one leg, or with his tie around his hair, or anything of that sort—but I felt sure that those girls had plotted the whole thing. Mary was staying with Sybil, and it was just the sort of plunge-and-hope-for-the-best sort of inspiration that would come to them. Well, I didn't mind.

We had walked with airy dignity to the dining-room, Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I, to a murmured accompaniment of beliefs that the weather *was*, perhaps, a degree cooler; we had sat down on our appointed chairs with the same cheerful frigidity, but with silence added, and then, as if a button in our respective systems had been touched, we blazed forth into brilliant conversation, each with our other hand neighbor.

This admirable state of affairs having been kept up till a *salmi de* something "high" was before us and our lustre somewhat spent, I chanced to see a tiny caterpillar rearing his little green head from a La France rose on the spray that trailed toward Mr. Featherstone-Hope, and halted in my conversation. At the same moment it occurred to Mr. Featherstone-Hope to propound his gastronomic assertion—and to propound it to me. By that time I seemed to have had a surfeit of dignity; I wanted, metaphorically speaking, to get down and play.

"It's no good, *you* know," I said more softly; "it never was, was it?"

"No good to believe that you are the essential thing?" he questioned, with a note in his voice which, as far as he knew, was quite improper under the circumstances.

"No good to be icy, and all that sort of thing," I explained, "when I want to hear all the news."

"In these days," he said significantly, "I do not create news. The quick-change part you were good enough to assign to me in the past has been discarded from my *repertoire*. For the last twelve months my life has been singularly placid."

"Singular and placid, you mean," I interposed flippantly.

"Singularly placid," he repeated.

"It must have been a relief, after——" I sighed, considering such a better conclusion.

"It was a change," he said dryly; "my last."

Then followed a short silence during which Mr. Featherstone-Hope stiffened his features. I did not look at him, but having known him fairly well once upon a time, I was acquainted with the stiffening process, and I could have given a vocal specimen of the exact tone in which his next remark would be made.

"I don't see your—your husband here to-night," he said with the expected chilliness.

"N—no, nor do I," I agreed hesitatingly. My husband! forsooth!

It must have been a real inspiration which made me crowd on all those rings. Glancing down at my hand I saw that the effect was all it should be.

"And your wife?" I demanded.

"I haven't a *wife*," he replied with exaggerated animation, as if he had museums full of other trifles he could show me, but a wife didn't happen to be included in them.

"Perhaps in the—up the—the Archipelago, or wherever it is you've been, you call them something else," I ventured.

"No. But we didn't marry," he affirmed with impressive lugubriousness.

"She thought she would rather be a sister to you?" I inquired, but Mr. Featherstone-Hope ignored the note of interrogation.

"They *were* pretty," he murmured with contemplative joy.

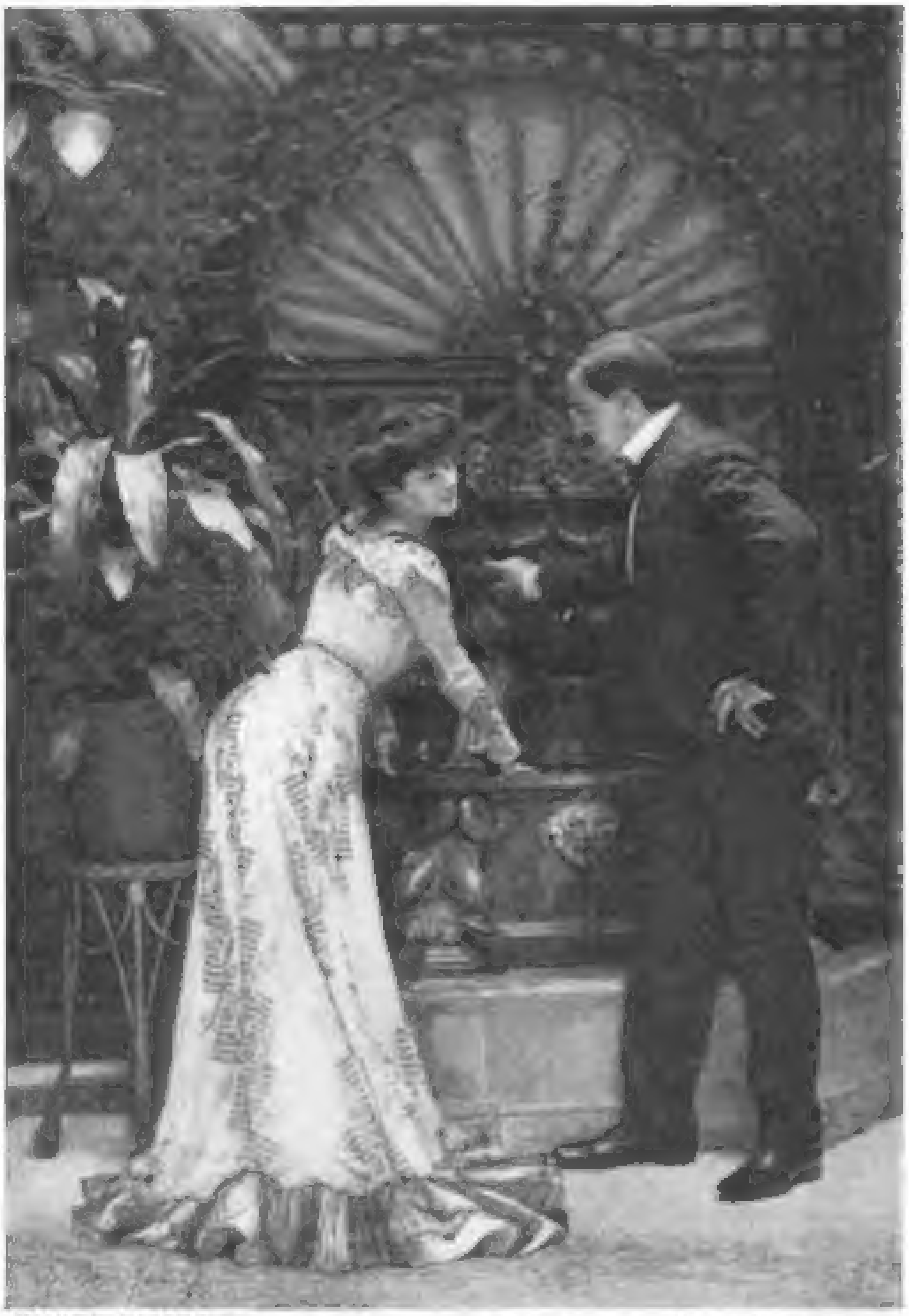
"Oh, '*they*'?" I commented. "Pooh!"

"*She*," he continued musingly, "was particularly pretty."

"Was!" I echoed. "Did you obliterate her features before you left?"

"I won't say she was like a Greek Goddess," he continued ecstatically.

"No. I shouldn't if I were you."



"What has that to do with rings and wedding?" I asked

"But I do say that Phidias himself might have experienced a thrill at sight of her——"

"I don't set much by thrills," I announced in a belittling tone. "I've had them myself; a mere waxwork will do it."

"Her classic features——"

"Oh, yes, I know! A nose coming out of her forehead—hateful, *I* call it," I interrupted impatiently.

"Not exactly *out* of her forehead," he protested.

"It's ugly, anyway——"

"But less ugly that way, surely."

"Oh, what's the use of arguing! If you think her pretty, that's all right."

"Then her dusky hair," he went on, in pleased meditation.

"Dusty, most likely," I commented. (It was the shine he always used to admire on mine.)

"Ah, well——" he sighed.

"I suppose she wouldn't have anything to say to you?" I inquired.

"Oh, that wasn't it. She said quite a lot; but I'm not very good at the Chilian vernacular; whether she loved me or wished the wine passed I didn't feel sure; and I was a little nervous about taking the initiative."

"It is wiser to be cautious when there are hordes of Red Indian cousins and things just around the corner," I affirmed contemptuously.

"I haven't been in Red India," he protested.

"Oh, what does it matter? You went away from *me*, that's all I know," I said aggrievedly.

"Ah," he said. Then he paused, and as he very deliberately picked up a rose-petal near my fork I watched to see if his hand looked angry. I think it was a little shaky, but he didn't grip it. "You were so sure I needed change," he said at last, "it was only polite to go."

"Polite!" I breathed. "It was a dull thing to do; any*one* could have done it. Well," I went on, rousing myself with a sigh to cheerfulness again, "were there any more of them?"

"One doesn't select one's objects of affection by the dozen," he objected coldly.

"Oh, no," I agreed pleasantly, "only you said 'they.'"

"Talking of objects of affection," he remarked in a newsy manner, very obviously getting away from the awkward question of plurality, "I met your friend Captain Carteret up a mountain."

"Ah," I replied thoughtfully, "we don't speak now."

"So I gathered," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope grimly.

"He really talked about me?" I demanded, my interest excited. "What did he say?"

"He intimated," remarked Mr. Featherstone-Hope, "that—well—that he felt rather nearer Heaven, he thought, now, than——"

"Than when?" I demanded.

"Than then," he replied sententiously.

"Ah," I said dreamily, "that's my influence."

"H'm, perhaps—but that wasn't exactly the impression he gave me."

"Perhaps he was referring to his position up the mountain," I suggested.

"That was not altogether heavenly," he admitted.

I looked meditatively back into the past. Then I giggled.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"He wasn't very near Heaven that last picnic——"

"Oh, he probably thought he was," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope with elaborate consolation. "You mustn't reproach yourself."

"I did like him very much—at first," I explained. "But he was so earnest; and he would study botany."

"Surely a somewhat necessary part of one's education if one is to enjoy to the full the honor of your regard, and match your frocks."

"Oh, I don't mean bouquets and sprays," I explained; "I mean wild flowers—little weeds and things; and he would wear them in his coat."

"Would you have had him wear them in his hair?"

"He might have worn festoons if he liked. I didn't really care, but he irritated me that day. I pretended they gave me hay fever. He was furious."

"I don't see——"

"What don't you see? Nobody wants to *see* hay fever. You've got to sneeze, and all that sort of thing."

"What I don't quite see is why the flowers in his coat should affect you."

"Oh, you know, I was—I mean we were——"

"Ah, I think I understand."

"I was," I concluded sternly, "only pretending."

"Yes, poor beggar."

"Are you sorry?"

"Sorry for what?"

"That I—drove him—nearer Heaven."

"I can appreciate the discomfort of the journey."

"Miss Pomeroy," said Philip Challoner in a shocked voice, as his mother made the signal to old Mrs. Deering, "Miss Tenterden has been giving me chapters of history—in Miss Narroway's reign—Oh!"

"Miss Narroway said 'Oh,' too," I admitted. I myself felt inclined to add something to the expressive exclamation.

as I realized that Philip Challoner had, as it were, unmasked me.

As I left the table I glanced up at Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"*Miss Pomeroy,*" he repeated slowly; but his expression was inscrutable.

I am no authority on astronomy, but I know the value of stars as a sky decoration. I was appreciating them through the open window when the lords of creation came into the drawing-room. Mr. Featherstone-Hope strolled over to me without much delay.

"Why aren't you married?" he demanded.

Half a hundred retorts seemed obvious. But I enjoy a dramatic moment — and, occasionally, the truth. For about ten seconds I maintained silence.

Then, "Cousin George jilted me," I replied with stern succinctness.

! ! !

That was what Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked for about ten other seconds. Then he descended to uncontrolled, silly laughter.

"That's good!" he said weakly when he had the manners to stop.

"That was not what I called it," I said icily.

"Tell me the well-worn story," he pleaded.

"It would never be that with me," I remarked decisively.

"Let me know the recipe?"

"I don't think it would be good for you," I objected.

"Was it good for you?" he asked softly.

"It was — very bracing," I declared.

There was quite a long pause after that, during which I enjoyed a new emotion: I wanted to cry. It was rather curious. I turned away from Mr. Featherstone-Hope and looked hard out at the garden as if optical illusions were of paramount interest to me at the moment.

"There's a simile," remarked Mr. Featherstone-Hope at last. "I've heard it once — perhaps oftener — about a moth and a candle."

"Indeed?" I affected polite interest.

"Yes. You, of course, think of me as the moth."

"*I* think of *you!*" I expostulated.

"Yes — as the moth," he persisted.

It was a reasonable thought, but at the moment it seemed equally reasonable to think that there might be two moths.

Many things hustled one another to the tip of my tongue in a crowd, but not one of them got itself said.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope having, seemingly, failed in his turn to find optical illusions in the garden, faced around and looked at me.

"Nothing is ever said," I broke out in protest, "about the moth after the silly candle part of the affair is over, when it drops down 'plop,' and, after a moment or two of trying to flick away the pain, resigns itself to the inevitable, and lies there for hours, sometimes all through the night, sometimes through the next day, without stirring or making a kick."

Mr. Featherstone-Hope stared, then smiled. I glared at him.

"Come into the conservatory," he said, rising.

I went, simply because I wanted to give him a bad quarter of an hour."

The Challoners have a good conservatory.

"Do you mean to say ——" he began.

"I don't mean to say anything," I broke out wrathfully. "I mean to say nothing. If you can't see things for yourself — ordinary little natural history things — I don't even mean to *feel* anything. I *don't* feel anything —— "

"Well, I'm ——!"

"What?" I demanded.

"Patty — you little ——!"

"I'm not little. I'm big enough to have my own way now —— "

"Were you ever too small?" he asked.

There is a little fountain in the Challoners' conservatory; it might have been the distance measured for a gory duel judging by the way we confronted one another across it. Within two-thirds of a minute the absurdity of the situation pressed my wrath very flat. I impulsively set five and twenty fuchsia buds floating around the basin; then I yawned. The corners of Mr. Featherstone-Hope's mouth twitched.

"To think of my pounding up those blessed mountains!" he ejaculated irrelevantly.

"What has that to do with moths and candles?" I asked.

"Merely that I was neglecting an interesting event in natural history," he explained. "However ——"

"Well?"

"Next time I travel there will be no such neglect."

"Natural history events will stop, I suppose, until your return?"

"No," he returned airily, "but I shall take them all — moths and candles and such like — with me."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"You think yourself ——" I began scornfully.

"I think myself big enough to have my own way," he explained.

"And ——?"

"And in the interests of science I shall marry you before I go."

"Indeed?"

"In the interests of science, personal feelings must be sacrificed."

"And how about my feelings?" I demanded.

"It was of your feelings, of course, I was thinking," he said softly, drawing my hand toward him out of the water.

Ah, well, that was the last time I became engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

I suppose it was because it was so long since we had been engaged that it all seemed rather more worth while than usual.

As for that affair with Cousin George ——!

After all, what's a cousin! What is lamb without mint sauce! Merely immature mutton. That looks rather silly on paper, but, anyhow, I know what I mean.

It was about twenty minutes before the first shadow fell on my state of placid resignation.

"It's too provoking!" I declared.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"If we were to announce our engagement this very minute no one would be in the least surprised," I said hopelessly.

"A wedding might do it," he suggested; "and I don't mind."

"You're very kind," I said hesitatingly. "I think they really might be surprised if I married you — but nothing less. Now when it was Cousin George," I declared regretfully, "every one literally leapt when they heard the news."

"Literally?"

"Well, 'literally' sounded conclusive."

"No doubt it looked it."

"I do believe Cousin George was the only person who didn't wonder at me," I said viciously. "And then to jilt me ——!"

Mr. Featherstone-Hope chuckled.

"It was so like Cousin George, wasn't it?" I continued. "He always blundered on to the thing no one else would ever have dared to contemplate."

Mr. Featherstone-Hope nodded.

"You had reserved to yourself the monopoly in dismissals," he said dryly, but with an undercurrent of cheerful confidence in his present position.

When the carriage came for me Mr. Featherstone-Hope admitted that it might be more polite if I were to interchange a few words with my hostess and her family.

"I'm ashamed to face them," I declared.

"You! Ashamed!" he exclaimed uncivilly.

"Yes. Sybil and Mary will be so detestably self-satisfied. I know they planned it all," I said wrathfully.

"I wish I were not so obviously the right person," he said humbly.

"Oh!" I exclaimed as a swift thought came to me, "never mind."

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Cousin George," I said gloatingly, "when we meet. That will make up for it."

"Poor beggar," he muttered under his breath.

I admitted there might be cause for the pity, but I did not pity him.

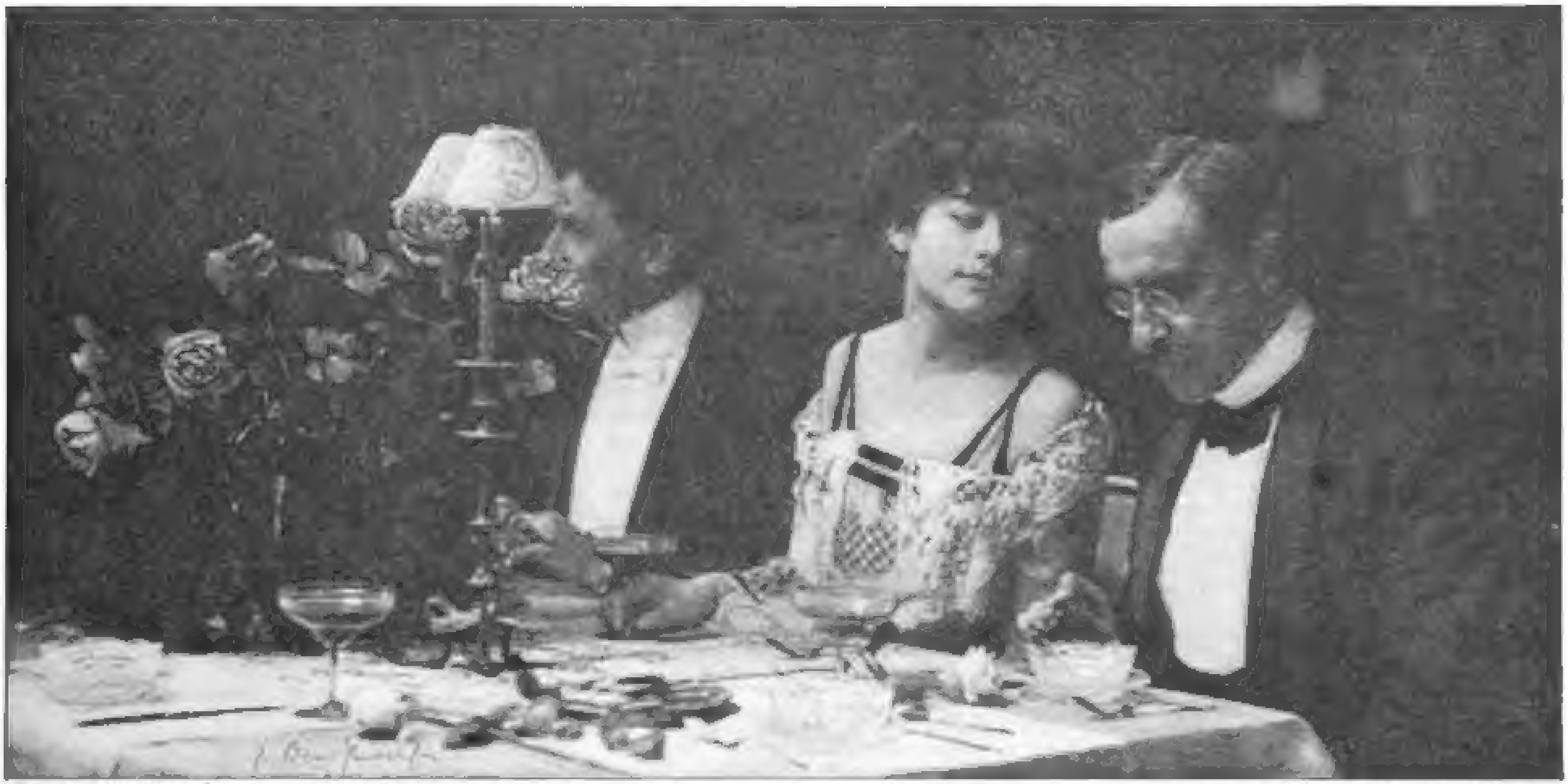
As I drove home I thought a good deal of Cousin George, and I rehearsed a few greetings for him.

Whims of Famous Singers

MADAME PATTI would never play in an opera where any one had to sit on a table. This was because she had not made the success in Carmen that she had in other operas. She attributed this entirely to the fact that she had to sit on a table in the inn scene in the second act.

Madame Scalchi was in a very sad way if she met any one that squinted, and she would go through a long lot of evolutions to rid herself of the evil spell.

Mario's foible was smoking. As smoking was forbidden at the theatre he would never sign a contract until the clause which made him an exception to the rule was inserted. He would have his valet waiting in the wings with a match and a cigar, and would rush off the stage, take a few whiffs and then return to a tender love scene. The cigars that he smoked cost him half a crown and he never more than partially finished one. Even the street boys in London knew him, and when they followed his carriage, cheering, he would have a handful of coins ready to toss to them.



[illegible]

"He really [illegible] about me?" I demanded

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

President McKinley

EIGHTY million Americans unite in deploring the shooting of President McKinley. Eighty million voices cry aloud in detestation of the act. Eighty million citizens unite in doing honor to the manliness, the bravery, the patriotism of him who last March was for the second time made President of the United States. And with these eighty millions the whole world has joined.

That within forty years three Presidents should be thus attacked seems at first thought to be a black omen for the future of our land. Within these forty years the people have by their ballots chosen only seven men to fill the office of Chief Magistrate—and, of those seven, three have been marked by the assassin!

Yet, in truth, there is nothing in this that points to danger for the Republic or to a weakness in Republican institutions. Lincoln was the victim of the heats of a great conflict, but the man who struck the deadly blow was far from understanding the wishes or the feelings of any leader: the South as well as the North deplored the tragedy. Garfield was the victim of a man of unbalanced mind, inflamed by the heat of a partisan conflict. McKinley was the victim of one whose narrow brain had soaked in the poisonous teachings of the offscourings of Europe.

And it may well be that this will teach the makers and the administrators of our law to understand better the mighty difference between what is liberty and what is criminal license; it may well be that, henceforth, those who teach or who believe that the murder of rulers is a praiseworthy act shall be placed, with other enemies of society, where their evil beliefs can bear no evil fruit. But at this time it is to sorrow and sympathy rather than to retribution that we turn; to pity rather than to punishment.

It was the nation that was blindly aimed at when McKinley was struck down. He was not attacked because he was of the North or of the South, for gold or for silver, for expansion or for anti-expansion, a Republican or a Democrat. He was struck as the head of this Republic, and men of all parties, of all shades of opinion, were drawn together by a common grief. The nation felt the blow. The pulse of the nation beat in unison with that of its suffering leader. Eighty million American hearts beat as one.

Why Do We Not Look Northward?

THE revival of interest in our relations with Canada is not surprising. The remarkable thing is that it has not come sooner. "Pan-Americanism" turns its eyes so exclusively to the southward that it forgets that a quarter of the area of the two Americas lies north of the Great Lakes.

Canada is the second of the American republics in extent, the fourth in population, and the second in wealth, commerce, enterprise and industry. Of course, she is called a part of the British Empire, and her people are enjoying thrills of delicious excitement just now over the visit of the heir to the British throne, but she is a republic for all that, and a much more democratic one than Mexico or Venezuela. So when we are making plans for the republican family in America, why should we not count in Canada?

The Canadian imports and exports exceed those of any other country in the Western Hemisphere except the United States. The Canadians are better customers of ours, in the aggregate, than any other people in the world except those of the United Kingdom, Germany and France, and in proportion to population the Canadians buy far more from us than even the inhabitants of those countries. We sell to Canada more than to all the other American republics combined, with China and Japan thrown in. Yet our diplomatists perspire over Pan-American Conferences to improve our relations with Chile and Peru, and laboriously tug in the Concert of the Powers in China, while we take so little interest in our vast Canadian commerce that we can hardly bring ourselves to take the trouble to reassemble the Joint High Commission whose work might double it.

When we are so anxious for markets, why not develop this one? At present the Canadian who wants to buy goods in the United States has to pay a fine of thirty-three per cent. for not buying in England; yet in spite of that handicap we sell more to the Canadians than the English do. What might we not do if the advantage were on our side?

Our relations with Canada must and will be intimate in spite of ourselves. We can keep aloof from Mexico if we choose, for Nature is not trying to force us and the Mexicans together. But we cannot keep aloof from Canada. Americans and Canadians navigate the Great Lakes together. They draw power alike from Niagara. They share the summer pleasures of the Thousand Islands. American money passes without question at the Canadian resorts, and the Canadian postal authorities find it necessary to paint notices on their letter boxes in Montreal, announcing that none but Canadian stamps should be used on letters mailed in Canada. American farmers find an advantage in sending their grain to market by Canadian railroads and canals, and Canadian railroads feel the need of American winter terminals.

In the Pan-American aggregation it is a case of the United States first, Canada second and the rest nowhere. If the Dominion were an independent country, separated from us by five thousand miles of sea, we should be subsidizing steamer lines and calling on our consuls for reports on the most hopeful methods of capturing its markets. Nearness and the filmy thread of the British connection have obscured our vision. But while we are lamenting the threatened injury to our trade with Russia, let us remember that the little colony of Canada buys from us eight times as much in a year as the whole Russian Empire, and that we sell to every Canadian two hundred times as much as to every Russian.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

* * *

Men's differences make four newspapers in a one-newspaper town.

* * *

American Emigrants to Newer Countries

AT A GREAT dinner given not long ago to some steamship owners, railway directors and other men whose incomes are derived in part from Europeans emigrating to America, one of the toasts was "The United States—the only land whose inhabitants never emigrate;" and the sentiment implied is one which the mass of Americans have fondly cherished. Nevertheless, it is true that Americans, and of very good varieties, too, may be found in every part of the world that offers inducements to men of quick wits and special abilities.

Canada and Mexico, the countries nearest us on the North American continent, abound in Americans wherever there are profitable industries. Canada as a whole increases in population so slowly, partly because many of her people stray down to "the States" and never return, that her government and her mother-country are mortified. Her percentage of gain in the last ten years has been smaller than that of England and Scotland, though those countries have been peopling the British colonies throughout the world. Canada's great increases have been only in the provinces of Manitoba, one of the world's most wonderful wheat-producers, and British Columbia, a great lumber and mining country, and in these two provinces the gain has been largely due to immigrants from the United States. In Mexico, the railways and mines are largely in the hands of Americans—not mere non-resident stockholders, but large-brained, adaptive men who have become citizens of the Mexican Republic. Native Mexicans of the business class are quite as able as their competitors from any other country, but they do not care for anything which yields less than twenty per cent. per annum, so thousands of Americans are getting rich on Mexican "leavings." It was American emigration into our sister republic in the first half of the last century that brought about the addition of the great State of Texas to the Union and indirectly led to the acquisition of the greater State of California.

When the protest of the British against Boer domination of the South African gold mines began, the world learned that many of the complainants were Americans, among whom were expert engineers and miners. The West Australian gold districts produced but little till American energy and capital ventured into the country, since which time the gold yield has been very large. In each of the South American republics are thousands of able men from the United States; they own and personally manage the largest transportation companies of Argentina and also of Peru, they constructed and managed the railway system which made Chili wealthier than any other Spanish-American country, and they are in business in all the cities. Even before our war with Spain many of the large plantations in Cuba were owned and occupied by Americans. Hawaii came into our Republic through the impulse of American blood and brain, for the principal planters and business men were Americans whose permanent home was the islands.

The American who goes to a foreign country and remains there is generally a missionary of much-needed type, for he is an exemplar of energy, intelligence, personal character and "mind-your-own-business"—qualities which are rarest and therefore most needed in every land in which he has gained a foothold. We can spare him, for we have millions of his kind at home.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

* * *

The union against Tammany in New York would promise better if Tammany could be kept out of the combination.

* * *

Punish Less and Reform More

TOO long the criminal has been a subject of public indifference. So that he is caught and punished, the majority of people care little what becomes of him after, nor do they often question whether or not his punishment is proportioned to his offense. But slowly the public attitude on this matter is changing. The work of the reformatories in curing criminals when mere punishments had only made them bitter, and the reluctance of juries to find just verdicts, lest the men on trial receive unjust sentences, have shown society to be wrong in its theories. Men who sin in ignorance are better lifted from their sins than forced to expiate them, when it is partly the fault of society that they are ignorant and sinful. A most significant change in the treatment of the criminal has been made in recent years by the introduction of the indeterminate sentence system in several of the States. This puts it into the power of men who may have been harshly judged in the first place, and whose mere conviction was penalty enough, to earn their freedom.

The hope of liberty is in itself a stimulus to effort in the reformatory schools and training classes, and the man reproved of the law goes back into the world stronger than when he left it.

In addition to the parole, or indeterminate sentence, a few of the States (Massachusetts, notably) have adopted a probation system which goes into operation before sentence. Certain men and women attend trials in the lower courts and act as intercessors in cases that promise reform. The probation officer is the opposite of the prosecuting attorney, in that the latter brings up everything bad against the prisoner, while the probation officer finds all that is good. It is no longer necessary to confine a man even if he is guilty: he can be placed on parole instead. These probation officers can, with a paroled man's consent, collect his wages and give them to his family. He then has no power to buy drink or squander his means, and if he misbehaves in anywise his liberty is forfeit and he can be sent to prison.

That the warning of an initial arrest suffices in a majority of cases is proved by the records, for few of the paroled ever imperil their liberty again, and something like 4000 persons are conditionally released in the State of Massachusetts every year. It will not be alleged in consequence of these mercies that Massachusetts makes a bad showing in respect to criminal records.

People who misunderstand the nature of these reforms cry out that the prisons are made too comfortable, that sin is encouraged by cleanliness, air, light, sufficient food, and the use of books and papers; that prisons ought to be made places of terror, so that the hesitating might be frightened from them. If mere punishment is the aim, then it were wiser to return to old methods and to whip and rack the offenders, put them into stocks and pillories, crop their ears, take away their property, divorce them from their families, deny their civil rights, even take their lives. But did these punishments prevent crime, or save society? No. The severer the laws the worse the behavior. When stealing was a capital offense thieves abounded in every city, they were at every street, they picked pockets in the church; property was not safe either in the home or on the person; highwaymen infested every road.

As laws modify and the sacredness of life is better appreciated, the causes of offense diminish. And deprivation of liberty is punishment enough.

A prison should not be an inferno, but a purgatory. The criminal is almost invariably weak of will and mind and body; he does not understand himself or his relation to society; his ideals are wrong, his passions have never known check. In this state of barbarism he is dangerous, and society in its own defense sends him into the exile of a prison. If it does no more, he returns, at the end of his sentence, worse than he went in. When it opens his cell door it must open the way to a new life. The prison must be a school, a shop, a church, rather than a place of penitence, for, till the mind and conscience are wakened, there will be no penitence; only anger and nursing of revenge. Mere punishment consigns its victim to darkness and hopelessness, but the probation officer and the reformatory bring him to the light.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

* * *

Alexander Selkirk was a bit lonesome, but, after all, he was not the last guest at a summer hotel.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The War on Chicago Tax-Dodgers

By Frederic W. Upham

Of the Cook County Board of Tax Review, Chicago

IF THE clamor of certain sensational newspapers were justified by facts Chicago might well be held up to the world as a "horrible example" of unjust and inequitable levying of personal property tax assessments. Happily, however, these accusations are not only unjustified, but have been so proven.

Speaking as a member of the Board of Review, upon which this attack has centred, I am impelled to say that I shall feel myself amply compensated for the annoyance of all the unfair criticism to which the Board has been subjected if the agitation only results in arousing the people to a pitch of genuine and practical public sentiment for equitable tax returns. Without this, the labors of the most skillfully constructed machine for spreading assessments must fail to secure more than a minimum of the purposed results.

So far as eloquent professions are concerned, there is enough public sentiment in any city in the United States to assess every dollar of its personal property on a full valuation and at a rate amounting almost to confiscation.

But when it comes to actual proof these professions melt away into the mists of hypocrisy and perjury. The spectacle of a millionaire philanthropist, who gives generously to the public charities and to needy private individuals, making absurdly false statements, under oath, of his personal property holdings, is familiar to every important tax-levying body. No matter how often this pitiable exhibition occurs, its repetition only serves to increase the astonishment which it arouses. In order to save one-fourth of the amount which he gives to public charities in the year, many a wealthy man makes a sworn statement of his personal property holdings which he knows must be accepted by the entire public, as well as his personal friends and acquaintances, as deliberately false. Leaving all moral considerations out of the problem, and regarding it only from the viewpoint of self-seeking and a desire to achieve popularity at the smallest cost, this common line of conduct is calculated to insure the defeat of the ends which it is intended to achieve.

An experience of three years as a member of the court of last resort in affixing the tax levy in the city of Chicago has convinced me that the only method of compelling an adequate personal assessment is the English plan of an income tax. And in making this statement I must also say that I am not an adherent of the doctrines of the "single tax" school.

The difficulties of avoiding this form of taxation are so great that they may be regarded as almost insuperable. Let me illustrate the effectiveness of this system from an incident of which I have personal knowledge. An English lumber firm, doing a large business in England, was composed of three brothers. Each had his particular duties to look after, and the one charged with the responsibility of making the tax returns thought himself called upon to pursue the same methods he had become accustomed to in this country. Eventually a book keeper was discharged. He at once went to the tax office of the government and exposed the scheme of false returns which had been followed in the office from which he had been discharged. At once government officials took charge of the astounded man, who had simply "done what everybody in our country does." He was saved from imprisonment and disgrace only by the fact that the eldest brother and head of the firm had discovered the first false tax return and had from that time forward remitted to the Government Conscience Fund the balance really due on the firm's taxes.

Reverting to the tax problem in Chicago, it should be said that not more than twenty-five per cent. of its actual taxable personal property is at present assessed, despite the fact that its provisions for levying assessments are unquestionably in advance of those of any other city in the country. That substantial progress has been made by the Board of Review is indicated by the fact that it has raised the personal property assessments from $21,000,000 to $100,000,000 on a one-fifth valuation. This advance has been made in three years. Had this Board the power to assess all corporations and their capital stock and franchises, the rate of taxation would not exceed one-fourth of one per cent. on an actual cash valuation. This it cannot do, as the assessment of steam railroads, and of all corporation stock and franchises, rests with the State Board of Equalization. Under this plan, a holding of four blocks in the heart of Chicago's business section was assessed at the absurd figure of $36,000.

The greatest obstacle with which Chicago has to contend in securing an adequate personal property tax is the law which makes stock in Illinois corporations practically exempt from taxation. As a result, millions of dollars are put into these securities long enough to avoid taxation. One estate converted a cash bank deposit of more than six million dollars into these holdings, and then made its schedule, escaping with an assessment of only $21,000, which was strictly according to law.

It is due to Chicago, however, to say that she is decidedly in advance of other cities in taxation matters, despite the severe handicaps I have mentioned. Our tax rate is a little less than one-half that of New York City on an actual cash valuation. Here, too, the middleman and the tax-fixer have absolutely been exterminated.

If Chicago's tax revenue for one year were devoted to that purpose it would wipe out her entire direct bonded debt of seventeen million dollars. This cannot be said of any other city of the first class in the country.

When we have among capitalists and business men an honest, genuine and operative sentiment for fair taxation we shall be most happily situated. But, to do this, many of our professional philanthropists and patriots will have to tell the truth about their holdings, and be willing to forsake the devious expedients to which they now resort in order to slip beyond the grasp of the taxing body.

Paying the Sunday-School Teacher

By Henry Mottet, D. D.

IT IS a characteristic of our age that in every sphere of activity there is manifested a growing sense of the value of skilled labor, and of special education and training.

The man who would simply teach a child to read must first have been trained thereto; and he is to-day not adequately equipped if he possesses nothing more than a so-called common-school education. The more extended and thorough his training, the more telling will be his work. The man who would attain the highest of all achievements—who would lay the foundations of character in the child, and who would build thereupon the superstructure of a wholesome, strong and enduring life—assumes a task and a responsibility vastly greater than that of the physician, the lawyer, or the secular teacher.

Given a youth imbued with a lofty ideal, sensitively responsive to a well-trained conscience, endowed with a disciplined will, and actuated by the noblest sense of duty—and there are given also the fairest, most promising conditions for development. Granted or given all these, centred in one personality, and there exists not only the basis for the noblest character but also the foundation upon which to build a life of the most eminent and enduring usefulness.

Without a question it is the Sunday-school teacher, taking rank next after the parent and the clergyman, whose calling and vocation it is to give this training. The task, then, which he assumes takes its place among the very highest, and his responsibility is rarely if ever transcended. Therefore he should be a man who is selected with a view to natural fitness, and he should be trained for his vocation.

The difficulties in the way of such training are often many and great. Nevertheless, they are seldom, if ever, insuperable difficulties. There is no clergyman who may not gather about him, periodically at least, a small band of faithful men and women, to inspire and train them just as the Master, Christ, inspired and trained the twelve Apostles. The clergyman can obtain for the mere asking the use of such special helps as shall draw out and develop special fitness, enabling his teachers to do their work as men having authority. But such a course stands only for the minimum of equipment. The ideal school would be that in which every teacher would be a graduate from a college for the training of Sunday-school teachers. Doubtless the day will come when such schools will be demanded, and when the vocation most highly esteemed will be that of the men and women who build the foundations of the nation's character.

In the large cities, and particularly in the college and university centres, it is possible to secure the service of successfully tested specialists who can organize Sunday-school teachers into classes for regular and systematic training.

Let a method be devised for such training of teachers, and then let this method be worked out with the utmost thoroughness, and speedily it will be found that Sunday-school teaching is vested with a dignity and a seriousness that demand for it not only specialized training but also a service which must be the permanent property of the school, just as a professor's service is the property of his university.

Given a body of thoroughly trained teachers, filled with zeal, impelled by a great enthusiasm, pressing unitedly toward one distinct end, namely, the upbuilding of the finest character in the youth under their care, and there is created the one and only condition for a Sunday-school worthy of our Christianity.

For the purpose of reaching ultimately such an ideal Sunday-school—one in which every officer and teacher is an expert—there has been set on foot in the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, a movement which is designed to work out this end. It is proposed to create an Educational Endowment Fund of one hundred thousand dollars, the interest of which shall be used:

(1) To pay the educational experts who shall teach the teachers.

(2) To pay the heads of departments in the school.

(3) To compensate, so far as possible, all teachers who will accept remuneration, provided that they can demonstrate their fitness, based upon preparation conforming to established standard of requirement.

Conscience in Contracts and Strikes

By Towner K. Webster

President Webster Manufacturing Company

COURAGE and Conscience are the two words which the South Chicago steel workers have written on the latest page of strike history. How significant, how big with results, has been the stand taken by these stalwart men will be better realized after the smoke of battle has cleared away and the various elements of the great labor strife appear in their true proportions and perspective, unclouded by the confusion of issues now obscuring them.

The emphasis which I place upon this phase of the strike is not in any manner to be taken as an insinuation that a high degree of courage and conscience has not been displayed by laboring men before in choosing their attitude as between their employers and their unions. There are many such instances which belong to the annals of true heroism, but I do not recall one case of this kind so notable in its results as this is perhaps destined to be.

Cleared of every consideration not absolutely vital to an understanding of the situation, the conclusion of the whole matter may be summed up in these words taken from the official statement issued by the South Chicago steel workers:

> The principles of union labor are as dear to us as to any men in the country who earn their living by honest toil, but we do not think we should be expected to violate every rule of business integrity and personal honor for a matter of sentiment, for this is a time when we must not let our sympathy get away with our better judgment.

Here is a statement which has in it the ring of real manliness, for it recognizes the sacredness of an honorable contract as above merely fraternal sentiment! Intelligent loyalty to a labor organization is a characteristic which must invariably command the respect and admiration of every fair-minded employer of labor.

But, on the other hand, when an attempt is made to place devotion to the union above common honesty, and to urge it as the justification for the violation of a contract entered into with the knowledge of the union, the most broad and sympathetic employer must feel the keenest regret. Whatever tends to destroy the confidence of the employer in the honor and good-will of the union, or the confidence of the union in the honesty of the employer, is a calamity to be lamented by all who are in any manner concerned in the welfare of the industrial world.

Such a calamity has, in my opinion, been averted by the heroic stand taken by the South Chicago steel workers. Their display of courage, of sound business judgment and high commercial and personal honor is not only immensely significant but will furnish an example and inspiration for time to come to those who will face similar problems.

Although this feature of the great steel strike has been its most notable development, other phases of the contest are not to be overlooked. First among these is the fact that President Shaffer missed the opportunity of a lifetime when he failed to say to the Western steel workers: "You are under contract and must respect the sacredness of your contracts. Not until those obligations have expired have you any right to go out. A strike is out of the question for you, and, however great would be the advantage to the Amalgamated Association of having you walk out, it does not wish, nor could it permit, you to do so."

Regarded purely from the viewpoint of good policy, such a declaration from the official head of the Association would have done the organization more good than it could have secured through forcing every man in the Western mills to strike. Such a movement would have brought to the side of the Association the sentiment and support of almost the entire American public.

Another lesson enforced by the great strike is the necessity of full and absolute authority on the part of those conducting peace negotiations, both on the side of employers and employees. Not until plenary power is granted him by the lodges comprising the Association will a labor leader be fully in a position to make a binding contract which will be acceptable to the officials of the Steel Corporation.

The latter have absolute and unquestioned authority to act for the interests which they represent, and it is beyond reason to expect them to treat with men from the other side whose powers and responsibilities are less definite and less fully established.

Still another point vital to this controversy is that which caused the original divergence between the Amalgamated Association and the United States Steel Corporation. The demand made by the Association was simply this: "The Corporation must force its men in certain mills to join the Association or get out."

The unions have no more right to make such a requirement than has a corporation to say: "No union man shall work for us." One proposition is as sound and reasonable as the other—and no more so!

Here is where the whole matter hangs. It involves a kind of difference which should be easily adjusted by giving unqualified power to a leader to make a settlement.

The Fire-Fighters—By Herbert E. Hamblen

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NIAGARA 50

AT A FIRE, one night, Forty-one was the only engine ahead of us, that gave Tim Woodruff, her foreman charge of the fire until the arrival of an engineer. Tim was smashing the high board fence, and yelling to his men. They had the only hydrant, but Harry Hayden found a cistern and had Nineteen's suction into it before you could have said "Jack Robinson licked the skillet." Fire burst out within sixty feet of the engine, and our stream hit it at the same time that Forty one sent up a triumphant shout to let us know she had water on the fire

It was Gallagher Brothers' lumber yard—the only firm in the district that had refused to sign the Volunteers' petition to the Common Council for a new engine in the district—and the fire went through it like scandal through a country village

So intense and all pervading was the heat that distant piles blazed up as though from spontaneous combustion The Chief ordered pipes taken to the tops of some of the remoter piles. Instantly ladders were seen rising through the firelight, as if of their own volition. Before reaching a vertical position, men scrambled up them, dragging the snakelike hose. Hardly would the ladder drop against the pile than the nimble pipe-man would leap upon it, calling lustily for water

Patsy and I lighted up the hose for Joe Davidson and Teddy Long, and followed them on top of the pile. The scene was grand beyond description. The heart of the yard glowed like a blast-furnace. I imagine few people have looked upon five acres of living coals. The heat was so intense that the pipe men were forced to drench each other. A solid stream would send the boards flying like feathers in a squall; so the Chief ordered the men to elevate their nozzles, and deliver the water in sprays; but there were old grudges, and also the ever present spirit of mischief and fun

Our pile began to smoke, and two more streams were turned upon it. A board would fly out here and there, until at last we found ourselves standing on a small platform, the sides sloping away dangerously in all directions. Our plight was hidden from the others by enveloping clouds of steam Fair sized brooks of scalding water had ploughed courses for themselves, and were undermining our pile on the side next the fire. Imperceptibly it leaned a little, then the motion increased until we discovered it, and gazed, spellbound, into the incandescent crater waiting to receive us

Slowly and majestically the great pile bowed to inevitable fate. Our predicament was discovered, and, amid horrified cries from the crowd, streams were turned upon the place where we were about to fall. The pile dropped into a hole with a sudden jolt, and a huge slice, ten or twelve feet thick, slid from the top and sailed off on the column of hot air as a boy scales a straw hat. It retained its horizontal position and fell with a great slap, well into the heart of the fire. We were thrown down by the concussion, and blinded and suffocated by hot air and cinders. Our little island commenced to blaze around the edges at once

Every available stream was turned on the thinnest part of the encircling ring of fire, and welcome sprays of the refreshing fluid renewed our lease of life. The end of a ladder fell almost among us, and was quickly covered with wet lumber

Brave men, their heads enveloped in coats, fought their way out to us and rescued us. The ladder burned off and dropped into the fire before the last man was ashore, but there was no lack of Volunteers, and the hungry red demon was baffled of his prey

Mother and Jennie fixed me up with linseed oil and cotton batting, and the next evening Patsy and I called on Mr Leighton, our Councilman, who was trying to persuade the Board to appropriate money for a new engine. There wasn't room for us in any of the old companies, so we had organized a new one of our own, and the department had promised us an old "goose neck" to do duty with if the Council should vote an appropriation for a new machine. The residents of the district had promised to contribute everything but a site and an engine.

Mr. Leighton welcomed us, sympathized with our injuries, and produced a box of cigars of a brand familiar only to millionaires and successful politicians. We lit up, and he plunged at once into his subject

Jones, of the Fourth District, had "hit the gang" for a machine for his boys, too; and though the Council might vote for one, it was hardly to be expected that they would for two consequently the keenest tactician was bound to win. We knew something of all this, and while lying awake easing our sore places had worried over it

"That man Jones," said Mr. Leighton, rolling his cigar luxuriously between his lips, and twiddling his thumbs with an air of perfect self satisfaction, "had a pile of documents a foot high He had raked the census and tax returns for the last ten years, and he proved—you know how convincing figures are to most folks—that this ward had almost stood still all that time, while his had increased in wealth and population almost twenty-five per cent

"That staggered me, for I hadn't a thing to offset it. Well, I got up, and, to spar for wind, told them we hadn't had enough fire protection in this district at any time during the last fifteen years. To prove it I quoted the lumber-yard fire which gained such headway before the arrival of the engines that a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was wiped out in an hour. I heard a groan in the gallery, and there sat old Phelim Gallagher wiping the sweat off his forehead with that big red cotton handkerchief of his. I took the hint and told them if there had been an engine in that end of the ward she probably would have put that fire out so quickly we never would have heard of it That brought another groan from Phelim

"'Now,' said I, 'I want to ask the opposition what is their objection to voting us this appropriation?' Up jumps Jones, with both hands raised above his head in a gesture of holy horror.

"'Mr. President,' says he, 'it will cost between six and eight thousand dollars to place an apparatus in this outlying district where there has never been a fire of any importance before. As for this fire in Gallagher's lumber yard, on which the gentleman lays so much stress, I understand they were the only residents of the ward who refused to sign the petition to have the company organized. You may rest assured, Mr. President, that they have lost nothing; they are shrewd business men, and always carry abundant insurance——' Here Phelim arose and interrupted with a wail like a banshee

"'Misther Prisidint, it's thrue we refused to sign the petition; we t'ought to keep taxes down. But it wud a' ped us big money if we'd organized the comp'ny oursel's an' ped all the ixpinses. Our insurance ran out at twelve o'clock that same day, an' I t'ought Barney attinded to it, an' he t'ought I did, an so the fire was a total loss.'

"While Jones was staggering under this blow, and fumbling with his papers, I jumped up and asked him to itemize that six or eight thousand dollars of expense He did that easily enough, and then I told him he could deduct everything but the price of the engine and building lot, minus five hundred dollars, as we were prepared to furnish all the rest. Up comes Phelim again, before Jones had time to recover, and he says

"'Misther Prisidint, if the gintleman will allow me I'd like to offer, on behalf of Gallagher Brothers, anny wan of half a dozen lots that we have scatthered about that end of the ward, for this noble purpose.'

"I jumps up and says: 'Mr. President, that settles it All we ask of the city now is the price of the best fire engine there is to be had, less five hundred dollars

"Somebody touched me on the shoulder, and there stood Jones, his face the color of ashes—upon my word, boys, I didn't know but what he was going to murder me

"'Will you vote for my appropriation to-morrow?' says he

'Yes,' says I, 'I will;' and then he seconded my motion himself. Well, gentlemen, when his crowd saw that, of course, they all voted solidly for it, and it went through with a rush; and now all you boys have to do is to say what kind of an engine you want, and it's yours '

We thanked and congratulated Mr. Leighton, over and over again, and took our departure, easily the happiest two young fellows in town, though we were all burns and bruises. That evening we called our company together in the assembly-rooms for permanent organization. I took the chair, and was at once offered the foremanship, but declined; I told the boys there were too many old firemen in the company for any of us young fellows to hold office yet. They saw the point, and elected Joe Saunders foreman, Abe Malcolm assistant, and Harry Dubois secretary; all old, experienced firemen

The question as to what style of engine we should have provoked a lively debate. There were a few "piano-boxes" in the department already, but it was believed there were better engines to be had. None of us having seen the most up to date machines, we appointed our officers a committee to investigate and report.

Gallagher Brothers put up a temporary house for us on the lot next to that which we chose for a permanent site, and we brought the old goose neck home without any demonstration at all, as we would not dim the reception of our new machine by a previous performance

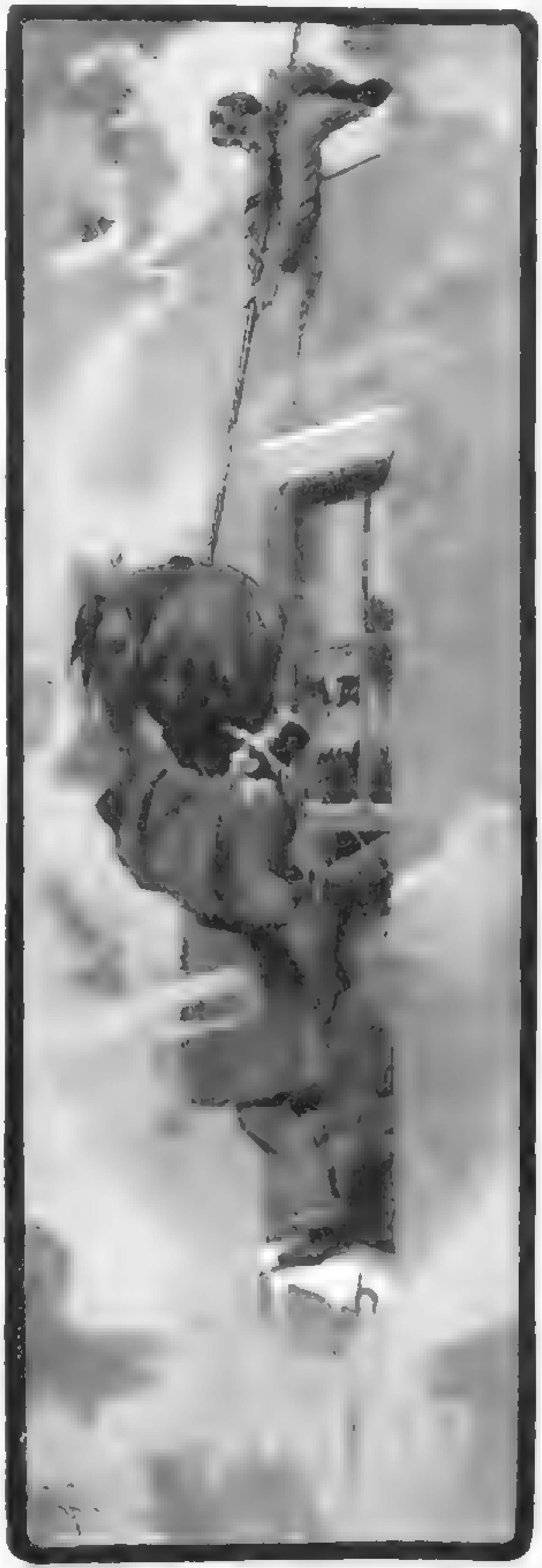
Acting on the advice of our committee, we decided to have one of Agnew's celebrated Philadelphia engines We notified Mr. Leighton of our choice, and he attended to the placing of the order. We got an idea of the ground plan of our house from the architect, and the boys pitched in, digging the foundations. We wanted to make the contributions of our friends as light as possible

Our enthusiasm seemed to be infectious. The residents of the ward organized a building committee, and took all the responsibility of the strictly technical work off our hands. Mr. Henderson, a millionaire stone man, contributed a brown stone front, the only one in town, and he spared no expense. He got the stone out with a rush, and put his most expert carvers at the ornamental work. It was the same with the other trades: masons, carpenters, all vied with each other in giving us the most elegant and complete house ever known for the purpose—and it was, indeed, a beauty

The house was finished, and the last pinch of sawdust and shavings carried out, the day we received notice that the engine had arrived, and was awaiting our convenience at the railroad yard. It was the tenth of December, and we hoped, by severe hustling, to be ready for a house-warming by Christmas eve. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the preceding forty-eight hours, and the streets were well-nigh impassable

Every man turned out. We got a coil of new rope, and, preceded by a brass band, ploughed our way through the knee-deep snow to the railroad yard.

We knocked the blocking away from her wheels, set up a couple of planks for skids, and rolled her off the car amid rousing cheers. She came down with a rush, barely escaping an upset—which would have been villainously unlucky We quickly hitched the rope to her and started her for home, taking a roundabout route so as to pass as many engine-houses as possible, and to exhibit our prize to our fellow citizens, but the inclement weather had driven nearly everybody indoors, so that, with the exception of the omnipresent small boy, our progress was anything but a triumphal entry. The snow came down harder and faster, but our band tooted manfully, and we stamped cheerily along through the frigid slush—but it was dreary work



I lowered away until I was sure he had her

When we arrived within six blocks of home the City Hall bell gave tongue. With one accord, we dropped the rope as if it had been a "live-wire," and broke for home and the old goose-neck. The fire was in our district all right, and as it was late in the afternoon, and few people about, we took her on the sidewalk. There was a city ordinance against this, but we couldn't always remember all the ordinances. Patsy and Tommy Steele were at the tongue. In "bucking a curb" the wheels didn't take it fair, and Tommy was knocked down—a common enough occurrence. The

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of six stories, by Mr. Hamblen, describing the life, rivalry and adventures of the old-time volunteer firemen. Each story is complete in itself.

boys were snaking her along like a kite (it was the first time we had had her out); there was no such thing as stopping, and Patsy couldn't let go the tongue, so poor Tommy was left to his fate

The fire was in a seven-story granite building, occupied in part by the publication offices of the Daily Item. There were several engines already at work when we got there, and the fire was burning merrily. As we swung into position, whom should we see coming along but Tommy Steele, piloting Twenty-seven's hose. He had fallen under the engine in such a way that she passed safely over him, and had hurried on ahead to look out for water for us. He caught Twenty-seven as they were coupling to the hydrant, and demanded her water for old engine Twelve. The foreman replied, with profane sarcasm, that engine Twenty-two would get his water; whereupon Tommy asserted with equal positiveness that the assistant engineer had sent him with the message That corked up the foreman, and we got the water

Jim Bailey and I took the pipe up a ladder to the third story window. The fire was belching from windows below us, but others were playing on that; saving our ladder and enabling us to breathe once in a while. We were alternately frozen or roasted as we got the blast from the storm or the furnace, and the water ran inside my sleeves, following the skin down till it gushed over my boot tops on to Jim. I was playing through the window, expecting every minute that the fire would burst out and sweep me from the ladder, when there came a female shriek from above

A woman was hanging from the fifth-story window, screeching like mad. No fire had yet appeared on that floor, but she was enveloped in thick, stifling, black smoke. I told Jim to pass the word for a couple of short hooks, and shouted to the girl to hang on and we would save her

When the hooks came up I shoved pipe, hose and all, in the window and let it tend itself. The ladder projected about a foot above the window sill. There were not a dozen longer ones in the department, and it was a question whether there were any of them at the fire; anyhow, there was no time to think about getting a longer ladder; the girl was liable to jump at any minute. I scrambled to the sill, and Jim followed and held me while I hooked on to the sill above It was a difficult trick, blinded and stifled as I was by the hot gases and smoke and Jim's grip on things was none too sure, so I had to be careful not to overbalance myself Three times the shank of the hook hit the stone sill and bounded away just enough to prevent the hook from catching. When I did get hold it was merely with the point of the hook on the smooth stone, an inch or so from the edge, but there was no other place

Jim steadied the hook with his hand, and boosted me with his head. It was a difficult job to climb that small, smooth pole. My hands were numb, and my clothes wet and heavy. When I reached the sill and saw the point of that hook, grinding and slipping within an inch of the edge, I was thoroughly frightened. I had but one hand on the stone and dared not move. Jim got his shoulders under my feet and unexpectedly straightened up. He nearly threw me over backward, but somehow I got hold with the other hand My strength was fast going, but I had to go on now. The window was closed, but after much wriggling I got an elbow on the sill and smashed the glass with my fire-cap That simplified matters wonderfully; enabling me to get hold of the sash and pull myself up. Others had come up the ladder They helped Jim as he had me, and I took him by the hand and pulled him up

By this time the girl had swooned, and was hanging out of the window above us. We shifted the hook up, and by a repetition of the previous performance I managed to get up; though her presence hindered me considerably. As I climbed in the window I heard a great shout from the street, like the surf rolling on a distant beach. Despite the great volume of smoke, there was no fire visible, but I knew it was liable to burst out any minute, so I made all the haste I could. I pulled up the hook, turned the girl round, and fastened my belt about her waist. Then I hooked into it and lowered her to Jim. It was fortunate that she was insensible, or I should never have been able to do it. Another fellow hung on to Jim's belt with one hand, and the inside of the window-casing with the other; that left both of Jim's hands free, and enabled him to lean well out

I lowered away until I was sure he had her, then, with a quick, downward jerk, I unhooked her. Jim's partner pulled them in, and it was a comparatively easy matter to pass her along down the ladder after that.

Again I heard that distant, rumbling cheer, and it was very gratifying; but now I was in a pretty hot box myself. It was only occasionally, when the gust thinned the smoke a bit, that I could get even a partial breath. This lack of air was extremely weakening, and I noticed, when I again hooked the hook to the sill, that my hand trembled. I could not be sure that Jim had heard my request for him to steady the hook for me, but a trial assured me that he had hold of it. A hasty backward glance revealed the dull, angry glare of fire on my floor; it was high time for me to be going. I leaned far out and took three long breaths of thin smoke. Then I shut my eyes, held my breath and faced about. I backed through the window and felt the spike which projects beyond the hook. I must keep clear of that, as the slightest touch would push the hook off the sill. I shoved myself out until I hung by my elbows, and felt wildly for the hook with my feet. It wasn't there; I must have knocked it off in spite of my precautions. Why didn't Jim hook it on again? I thought I heard him shout—near my legs. The crowd were yelling frantically; could they know of my predicament?

I felt the unmistakable heat of wind swept flames about my legs—the fire was pouring from the window below, and Jim and his partner had been driven away. It seemed that my time had come. I tried to pull myself up again, but was too weak. I must have air—I was stifling. I inhaled a mouthful of smoke which set me coughing—my head whirled. I seemed to be spinning like a top, and my legs were on fire

With an impotent, despairing, half audible cry, I gave up and let go

I seemed to fall for miles. I wondered why I didn't land, and whether I should know it when I did. I heard mother's voice, in the gentle tones I knew so well; she and Jennie were crying over me, softly. I endeavored to reassure them. Then I caught a glimpse of another face, her eyes dim with tears, over my sister's shoulder. I wondered why they were taking on so—I wasn't hurt

The faces of my dear ones faded, and father's, his mouth set in the grim, stern lines so familiar to my boyhood, replaced them I felt no suprise at his presence, though he had long been dead. With a self-satisfied, triumphant leer, as of one whose predictions at last had come true, he began: "A-ha, lad—"

Then my fire-coat was jerked over my head, virile human hands gripped me, and somebody said

"Steady, now—steady! Hang on good—have you got 'im?"

The sweet, fresh air entered my lungs and revived me so that I was able to assist my rescuers. It seems that I did push the hook off the sill, and before Jim and his partner could replace it the flames drove them away They had their own troubles in getting down, and were pretty well scorched. The Chief saw me hanging with my legs in the fire, and ordered a baby ladder sent up

It was quickly passed aloft until it stood on the top rung of the main ladder, where a couple of men held it firmly. A light young fellow mounted it nimbly, with a hook. It was his warning shouts that I heard as I hung there in mid-air. He hooked into my coat just as I let go, and succeeded in deflecting me so that I fell upon the ladder. The fall which seemed to me to last for hours in reality occupied but the fraction of a second Kind hands helped me down, and as I was pretty well scorched, and sick and faint, I went home

It was three days before the fire was under control. This was partly due to the weather—many apparatus being stalled in the snow—but principally to lack of water and poor hose. During the previous three years the department had been so hampered by politics that it had been extremely difficult to get supplies. The Chief stated bluntly in his report that he could have extinguished the fire in six hours, thereby saving a million dollars' worth of property and seventeen lives, if he had had the three hundred dollars' worth of hose that he had asked for six months before.

The reporters got hold of our little adventure in saving the girl, and made such a splurge over it that the Common Council extended a vote of thanks to Jim and me for what they were pleased to call our "extreme gallantry," and gave us two hundred and fifty dollars apiece for new uniforms.

We replaced our damaged uniforms for thirty dollars apiece, and turned the remainder into the company's treasury

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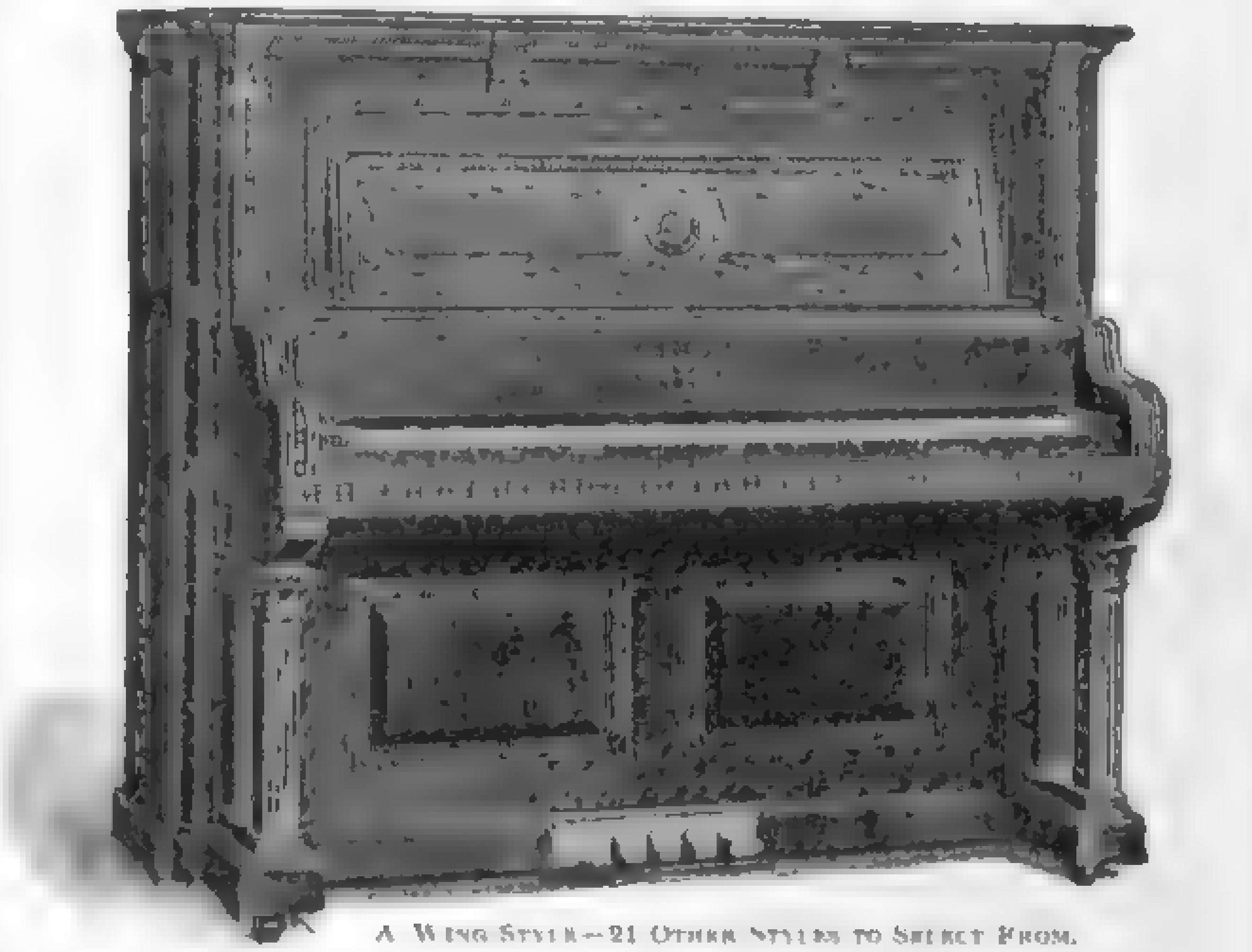

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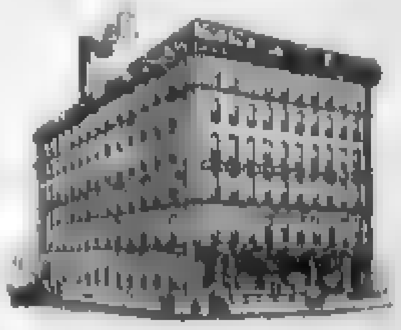

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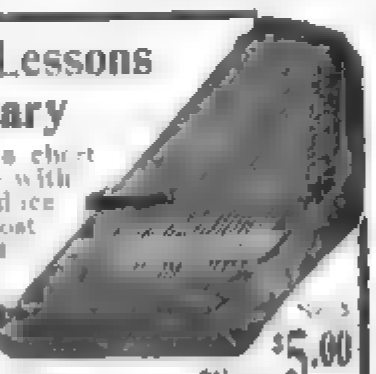

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Men & Women of the Hour

The Tact of MacArthur

General MacArthur

AN OFFICER in the War Department at Washington relates an incident in the career of Major General MacArthur which shows that that distinguished soldier's reputation for surmounting obstacles is of long standing.

When Mr. Stephen B. Elkins was Secretary of War MacArthur was a Captain in the office of the Adjutant-General. A young Lieutenant stationed on the Llano Estacado, in Texas, tired of his detail, complained of ill health, and asked to be assigned to the National Capital. The medical examiner diagnosed his malady as nothing more serious than homesickness, and the application was refused, whereupon the disappointed Lieutenant wrote a pleading letter to an influential friend in Washington. The latter, calling upon Secretary Elkins, asked for the transfer as a personal favor, and the Secretary courteously promised to grant the request.

The Surgeon General, when the matter came to his attention, protested vigorously, insisting that such an order would be subversive of discipline. The young officer's friend, when the circumstances were explained, released the Secretary from his promise, and, saying that he would consider the incident closed, rose to go.

"Hold on," said Mr. Elkins. He then rang for a messenger whom he dispatched for Captain MacArthur. To that officer the facts were presented and after a few minutes' deliberation he said:

"I understand, Mr. Secretary, that you must either issue a command that would not be in harmony with the rules of the service or cancel a promise that you have given in good faith."

"That is the case," assented the Secretary.

"I know of no contract," rejoined Captain MacArthur, "that should be more sacredly kept than the word of a Cabinet officer, and, unless the train be derailed, the Lieutenant in question will report here within a week." It was a great relief to the Secretary, who was confident that whatever Captain MacArthur's plan might be it would be carried out without a hitch.

"How MacArthur managed it," adds the officer who tells the story, "overcoming all opposition, and that without the slightest delay and without the formal authority of the Secretary of War, can be understood only by those who know his inflexible will and his unusual grace as a diplomat. No one but Captain MacArthur himself ever learned just how it was accomplished, but six days later the officer from Texas smilingly turned up at headquarters.

"We all recalled the incident when MacArthur was sent to the Philippines, and the general comment in the Department was that the insurrection was doomed."

Dewey's Daily Constitutional

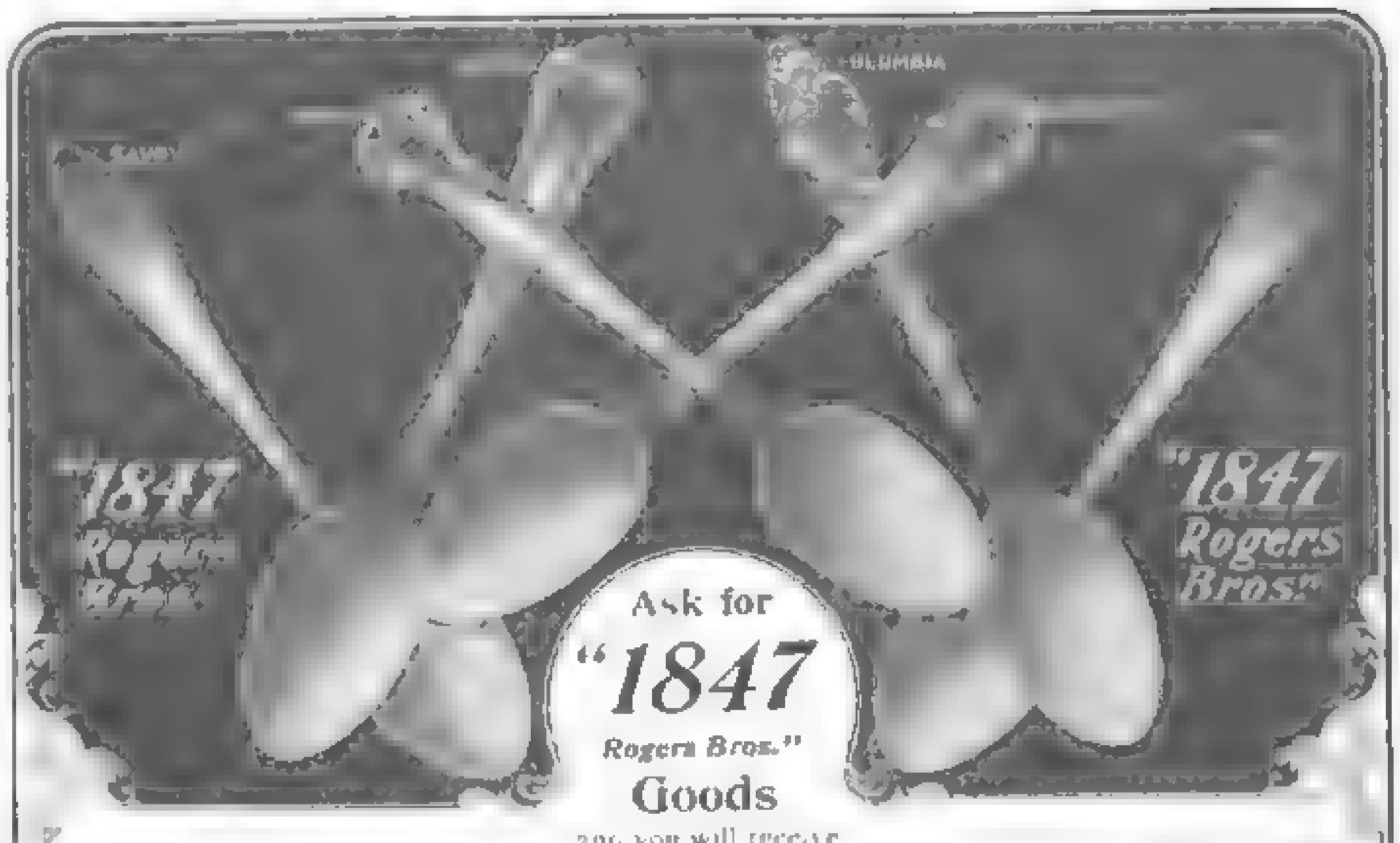
Admiral George Dewey

AS IS well known, Admiral Dewey was assigned to the Asiatic Squadron at his own request. He believed that the confining desk work as Chief of the Bureau of Equipments in the Light House Board was making inroads upon his health. He used to take his meals at the Metropolitan Club, corner of Seventeenth and H Streets, in Washington, exactly one block from his office. The menu was choice, but Dewey complained to his friends that his digestion was not the best.

"You must eat less," was the suggestion some one volunteered.

"That's just it," replied the future hero of Manila, "but you see I can't dispense with my evening walk after office hours, and this sharpens my appetite."

"Shorten your tramp, then," was the admonition.


NAVY
COLUMBIA
"1847 Rogers Bros."
"1847 Rogers Bros."

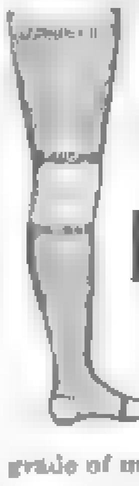
Ask for "1847 Rogers Bros." Goods and you will receive

The Original and Genuine Rogers Bros. "Silver Plate that Wears,"

made under the most favorable conditions after half a century of experience, and guaranteed by [illegible] its kind in the world. Artistic designs, heavy plate and fine finish are well-[illegible] "1847 Rogers Bros." goods. Leading dealers will supply you. Do not accept [illegible] "Rogers" [illegible] brands of unknown value, which are sometimes claimed to be "just [illegible] that was used by our grandparents — "1847 Rogers Bros." — and [illegible]. Ask for "1847 Rogers Bros."; it is your safeguard; that trade mark [illegible]. Send for Catalogue L.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Connecticut



YOU DON'T HAVE to put up with suffering from Varicose Veins and Swollen Legs

Our Patent Seamless Heel
Elastic Stockings

[illegible]

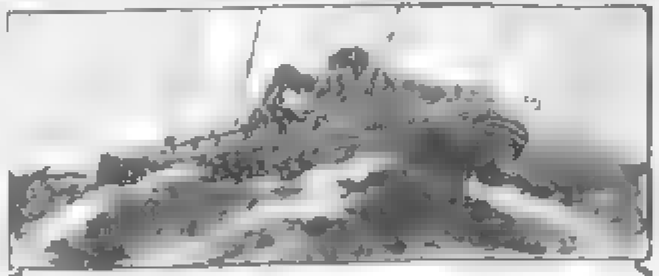
THEY FIT Because we make them to your measure.

THEY WEAR Because we use only the highest grade of materials and make our own elastic.

SMALL EXPENSE Because ordered direct from our factory.

Send for catalog, with measuring directions, prices, etc.

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., Munroe St., Lynn, Mass.



COMMERCE owes its growth to the steamship, the railroad and the

Remington
TYPEWRITER

The time and labor it saves, the volume of work it does and the opportunities it affords, combine to place the Remington Typewriter in the front rank of business builders.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

[illegible] PERFECT [illegible] A little higher in price than [illegible] per[illegible].

GET MENNEN'S, the original. [illegible] free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., 10 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Spring Bed

IDEAL
FOSTER'S

Spring Bed

Made for Wood or Metal Bedsteads

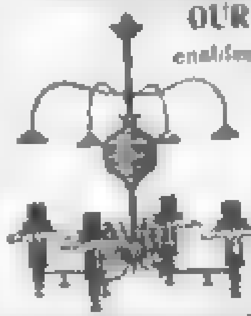
It is all that its trade-mark name implies for sleep and rest. Order one of [illegible].

MONEY BACK IF DESIRED

Have [illegible] plate, "Idea[illegible]". Write for our booklet, "Wide Awake [illegible]".

Address Dept. A

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 4 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.



OUR OFFER TO GOOD AGENTS enables them to earn $25 to $75 a week placing orders in selected territory for

"SUN" INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS

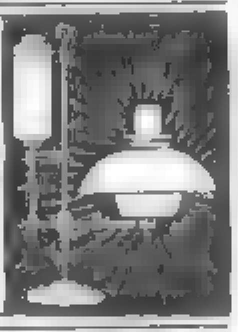
Cheaper than gas, electricity or kerosene. [illegible] soft, white, steady light in [illegible] stores and any building [illegible]. Write for [illegible] and territory. Sun Vapor Light Co. (licensee of the [illegible] for [illegible] lamps), Box 508, Canton, Ohio.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cents per week. Makes [illegible] brighter than electricity or acetylene [illegible] kerosene. No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with [illegible] warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

The Best Light Co.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio



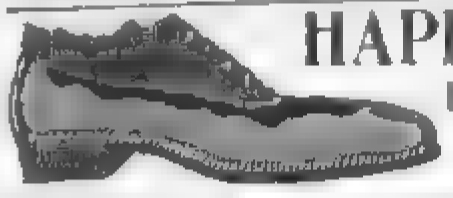
EXCHANGE "Anything for Anything." Our [illegible] Rifles, Kodaks, Bracelets, Poultry, Belgian Hares, Houses, Farms, Desks, Sewing Machines, and a thousand other things. They will pay cash or exchange. What do you want to get rid of for cash or in exchange? Write for our method.

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE, Washington, D. C.

GINSENG $25,000.00 FROM HALF AN ACRE

This is what a Missouri man made last year.
See St. Louis Republic, August 12, 1900.
Easily grown, and hardy throughout the Union.
Staple in price as Wheat or Cotton.
Price [illegible] for 25 years.
W[illegible] of extermination.
Complete book, 10 cents. Circulars FREE.

CHINESE-AMERICAN GINSENG COMPANY, JOPLIN, MO.



HAPPYFOOT
Hair Insoles
Keep the Feet Warm and Dry

Make walking a pleasure. Relieve tender, callous, perspiring feet. [illegible] 10 [illegible], 3 prs. 25c. [illegible]. If not at your druggist's or shoe dealer's, send to us with size.

The W. H. H. WILEY & SON CO., Box 41, Hartford, Conn.

The Ideal Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas or common cook stove.

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. [illegible] Whistle blows [illegible]. We [illegible] and prepay express [illegible] for illustrated catalogue. Agents Wanted.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 15, Toledo, Ohio

Patented Jan. 13, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Crayon, Pastel, Water Color and Miniatures Taught by Mail

Comprehensive professional and amateur instruction. Tuition fees reduced [illegible]. Please state course in which interested, when writing for prospectus to the

American School of Art and Photography
Incorporated Box 1006, Scranton, Pa.

HYGIENICALLY AND ECONOMICALLY Every man commits a crime against common-sense if he does not wear the genuine CUYOT SUSPENDERS. They cost LITTLE and are worth a fortune. If your dealer attempts to palm off any imitations, send 50 cts. for sample pair to OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y. City

New Suits and Cloaks for Fall

THE lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost should write for our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, together with samples of materials from which we make our garments. They are now ready and will be sent *free* [illegible]. Our prices are the lowest you have ever known. [illegible] We [illegible] but make everything especially to order. Our catalogue illustrates:

New Cloth Gowns, $8 up.

Jaunty Cloth Costumes, lined throughout with fine quality taffeta silk, **$15 up.**

Suits of Wide Welt Corduroy, $17 up. The latest material — with the soft lustre of silk velvet, and of splendid wearing qualities.

Separate Skirts, $4 up.

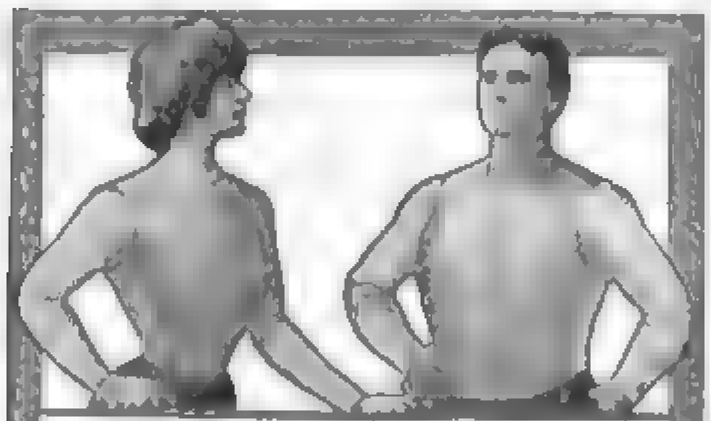
Rainy-Day and Golf Suits and Skirts, Suits, $8 up. Skirts, $5 up.

Long Outer Jackets, $10 up. Jaunty Short Jackets, $7 up.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

The Catalogue and Samples [illegible] return mail. Be sure to mention whether you wish samples [illegible] cloaks, so that we [illegible] a full line of exactly what you desire.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.



Protect Yourself!

The cold, damp winds of early [illegible] are dangerous

FROST KING Chamois Vests for Men and Boys
FROST QUEEN Chamois Vests for Women and Girls.
(Tailor Made)

These vests will keep out cold, damp winds, and protect the entire upper portion of the body — back and chest. They insure an even temperature [illegible] penetrate **Chamois Skin.** Elastic knit gores for the sides make vests fit snugly.

They Mean Safety for the Lungs

Your druggist should have Frost King and Frost Queen. If not, send us price, $3.00, and your chest measure, and we will supply you, express prepaid.

"PHYSIQUE — Its Care and Culture"
Valuable information for the care of the body. Scientific rules for exercise. **FREE** for your dealer's name.

BAUER & BLACK, 289-299 25th St. CHICAGO

Since ye ancient blunderbus there has been no gun as perfect as the

Marlin

repeating shotgun. It has ⅓ less parts than any other gun of this class and in consequence weighs ½ to ¾ of a pound less, and can be assembled in one half the time. The breech-locking mechanism is the strongest made. [illegible] makes it the safest breech-loading gun ever built.

[illegible] page catalog. 300 illustrations. [illegible]

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn.

"Can't, very well," responded Dewey.

"Why so; how much of a walk do you take?"

"From my office to the club," was Dewey's reply.

The Admiral enjoys humor of a quiet kind. There is nothing boisterous in his nature. In courtly grace and in polite reticence he is the personification of the well-bred gentleman. He enjoys the ceremoniousness of official etiquette, but after his return from the Philippines he tired at times of the lavish attentions paid him. One morning during the season of the joyous Dewey carnival a colored messenger from the Metropolitan Club rushed into a bookstore not far from that establishment.

"I wants the funniest book in the store, and I wants it quick," said the messenger.

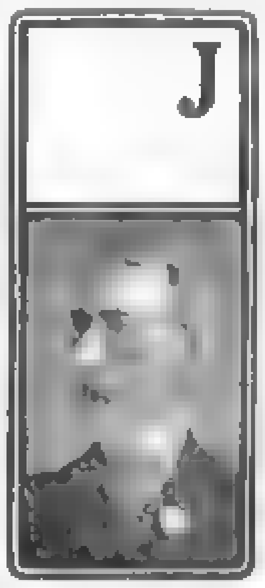
The clerk picked out a volume of Depew's anecdotes.

"Charge it," said the colored man.

"To whom?"

"To Admiral Dewey," shouted the envoy as he hurried out of the door.

The Eloquence of Wilson



Judge Jere Wilson

[illegible]

JUDGE JERE WILSON, one of the counsel for Admiral Schley, is known to be in the foremost rank of lawyers at the National Capital, where he has been identified with numerous important cases that have attracted attention during the past quarter of a century. He is a keen reader of human nature and studies his jury with the same care he bestows on the preparation of his cases.

Some years ago he was defending a contractor accused of defrauding the Government, and as the case developed the law and the testimony seemed to be closing around his client. The prosecutor, anticipating victory, was elated, and the presiding judge could scarcely conceal his satisfaction. But when Mr. Wilson made his appeal to the jury, no calendared saint wore a brighter crown of glory than that with which he invested his client.

The judge's charge was not auspicious for the defendant, but the jury returned out a surprisingly short time.

"We find the defendant not guilty," they reported.

Judge and prosecutor were astonished. The judge, addressing the defendant, said: "Though it is my painful duty to discharge you, I cannot refrain from congratulating you upon having retained so eloquent an advocate."

Turning to the jury the Court added:

"But it gives me pleasure to discharge you, for a more unconscionable jury never dragged a verdict through a temple of justice!"

Captain Ahern's Lost Samples

Captain George P. Ahern, Ninth United States Infantry, Chief of the Forestry Bureau of the Philippine Archipelago, who has prepared a book on the woods of the Philippines, has been in Washington superintending the publishing of the reports of his Bureau which will soon be issued by the War Department. He has also an exhibit of Philippine woods at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo.

The riches of the Philippine forests in both building and furniture woods is incalculable, but for use in the islands many valuable species are almost useless owing to the ravages of the white ants which swarm there.

A few months ago Captain Ahern reported to the War Department that he was making experiments with a variety of native woods to determine their capacity to resist attacks from the ants. He labeled a large number of sample pieces of wood and placed them in an unused house where the ants could operate freely upon them.

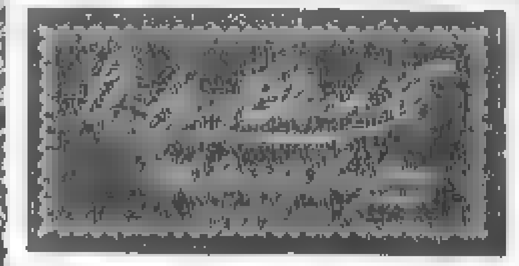
On reaching Washington, Acting Secretary of War, Colonel Sanger, who follows closely everything done in the islands, inquired as to the result of the experiments.

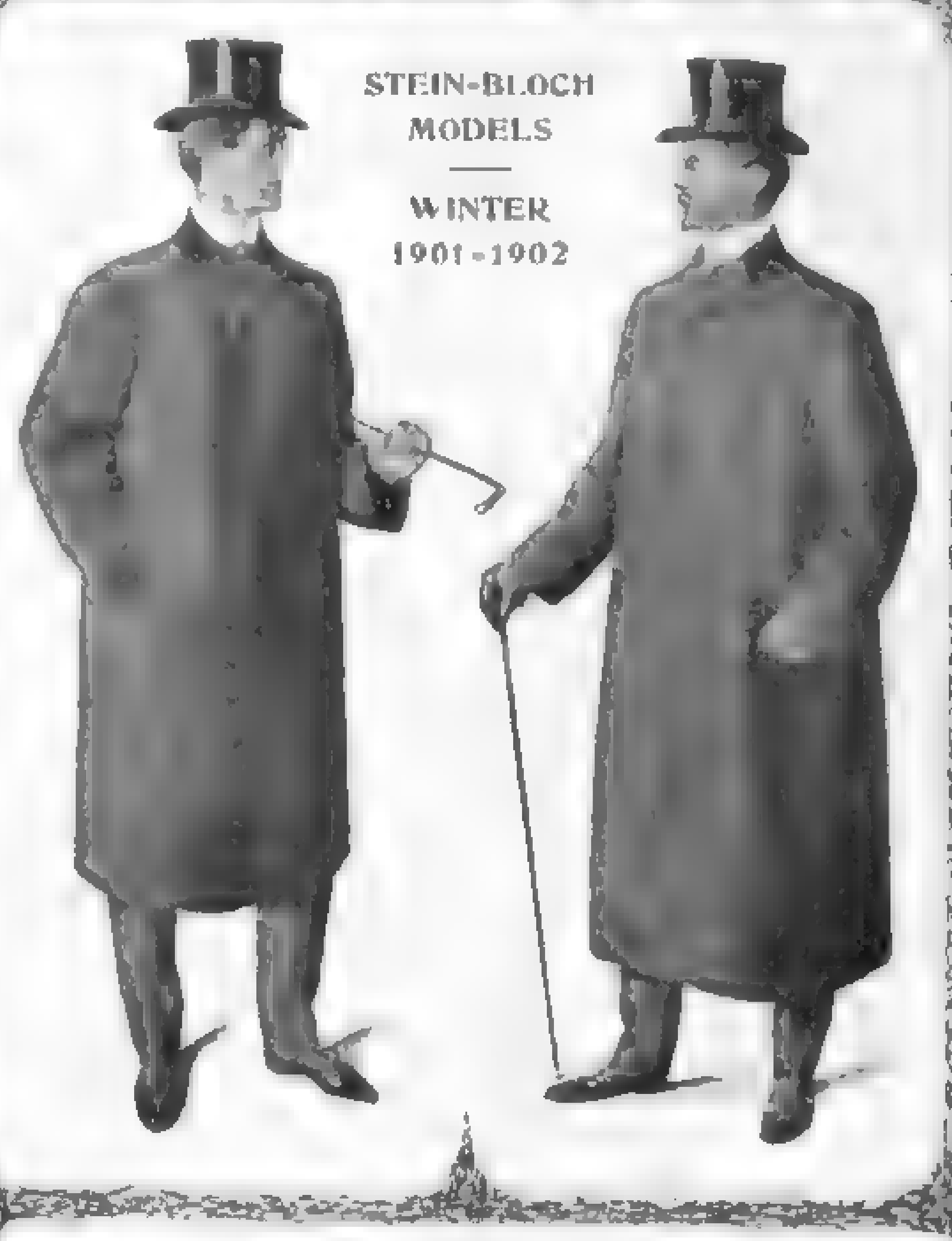
"Mr. Secretary," said the Captain, "when I went to examine the samples they were all gone."

"What!" exclaimed the Secretary, "had the ants utterly destroyed them?"

"No," answered Captain Ahern, "not the ants. Some native more interested in pot boiling than in science had made off with the entire lot."

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL UNDER THE COLLAR





You should never leave your tailor except for **STEIN-BLOCH Ready-to-Wear Clothes.** They're [illegible] the moment you need them; they're fashionable; they're serviceable, and they are not costly. Less than half your tailor's prices and no more than is asked for ordinary "ready made." **STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES** are wholesale tailored — same way as retail tailor makes your $50 Suit, only, he makes one at a time — we make thousands — saving in cost of production as well as cost of materials.

Try **STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES** this season at your clothier's [illegible]

Suits, $15 to $30. Overcoats, $15 to $60.

Your money back, of course, if you are not pleased.
The new Booklet, "Smart Clothes," IS FREE; write now.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO., Wholesale Tailors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Acetylene Safety

Is tenfold greater than with city gas when our generator is employed. It [illegible] immediately you stop [illegible] sizes, $15 to $1000. Write for our [illegible]

The COLT Carbide Feed Generator

Is based on the only correct and approved system, that of feeding dry carbide in small quantities to a large volume of water. It is safe, simple, economical, practical and patented.

THE J. B. COLT COMPANY
21 Barclay Street, Dept. G, New York
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, CHICAGO.
Criterion Stereopticons Acetylene Search Lights

HOT WATER

Heated, Complete

$200

By Our Plan we [illegible] all materials [illegible] cut to fit, up-to-date plans and directions [illegible] thoroughly and economically warm this house [illegible] the same size for $200. [illegible] new houses if you send [illegible] *Heater Booklet.* We manufacture Steam Pipe Water Heaters, Furnace Helpers, Regulating Safety Valves, Hot Water Boilers.

ANDREWS HEATING CO.
1280 Guaranty Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENT SECURED [illegible]

finest publication [illegible] secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. *Sample copy free.*

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington D. C.

BOOK-KEEPING STENOGRAPHY PENMANSHIP [illegible] by mail or in person. Telegraphy also taught personally. Positions obtained for all graduates of commercial course. CATALOGUE FREE.

EASTMAN, Box 907, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

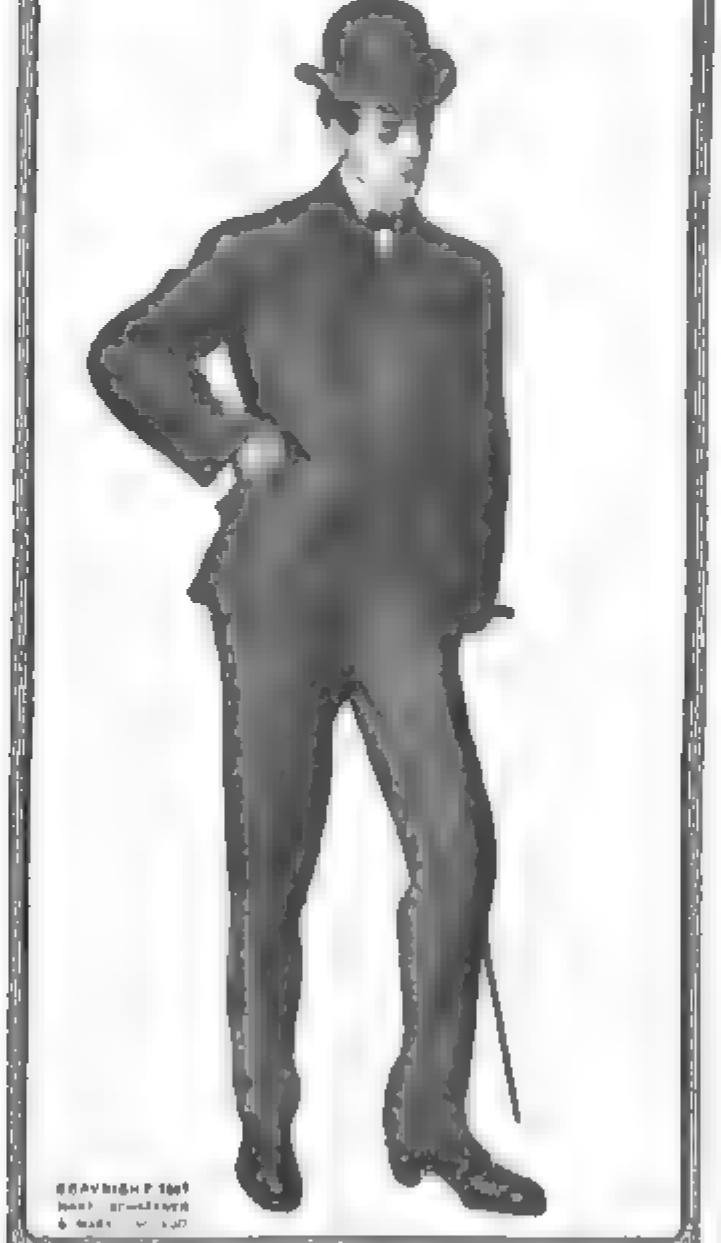
LEARN AD WRITING

Three months' course complete **$10**
PROSPECTUS FREE
Chicago Cor. School of Advertising
Record-Herald Building, Chicago, Ill.

A SMALL CAPITAL brings good returns if invested in a MAGIC LANTERN or Stereopticon [illegible] 256 page [illegible] free.

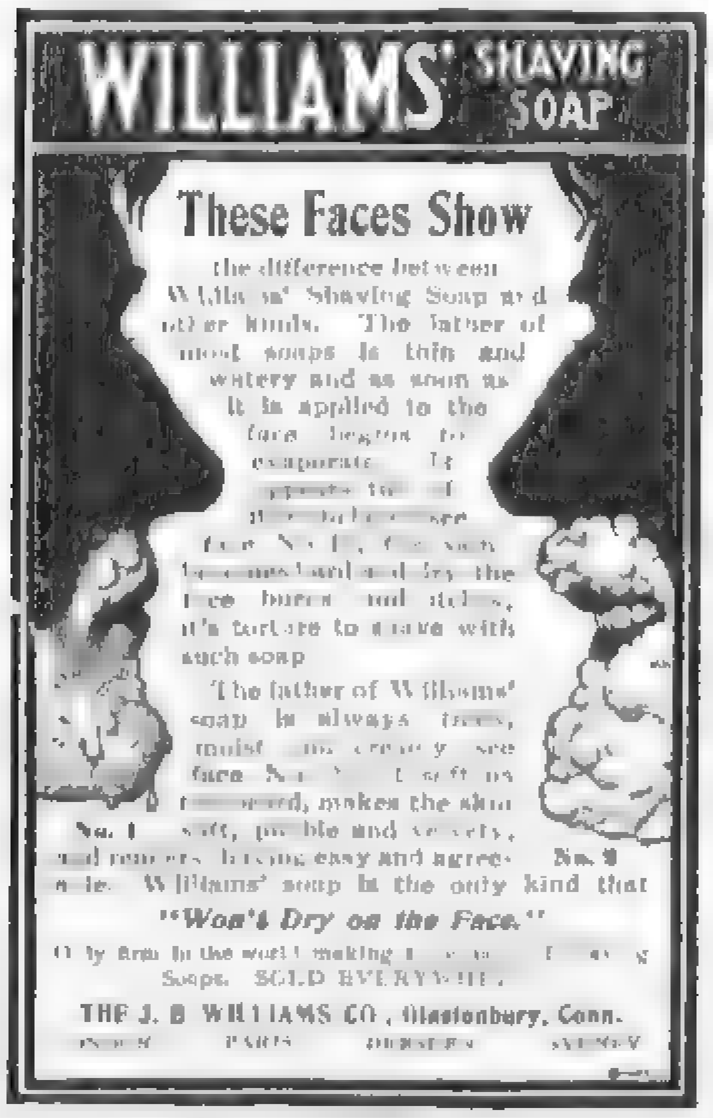
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York

The NEW SACK



WE show our new Sack Suit, clothes any man may be proud of. You won't find better at any price; nor as good at less than double. They are for sale everywhere; if you don't find them easily, write us. Our Style Book "F" of correct dress, handsomely illustrated, with prices, sent free.

HART·SCHAFFNER & MARX
CHICAGO & NEW YORK


WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

These Faces Show

the difference between Williams' Shaving Soap and other kinds. The lather of most soaps is thin and watery and as soon as it is applied to the face begins to evaporate. [illegible] face No. 1. [illegible] becomes hard and dry, the face burns and itches, it's torture to shave with such soap.

The lather of Williams' soap is always [illegible], moist and creamy. See face No. 2. [illegible] makes the skin soft, pliable and velvety, and renders shaving easy and agreeable. Williams' soap is the only kind that

"Won't Dry on the Face."

Only firm in the world making [illegible] Soaps. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

A Free Sample for his Name

Purina Mills St. Louis, Mo.

THE 5 MINUTE BREAKFAST FOOD

Stories of the Studio

By Vance Thompson

THIS is the story of an art career — Mr. Kipling's Art with the big A. I shall not use any names because the story stands on its own legs, and then there are people over in a small American city who need not be brought in here to point a moral.

There was, then, a young man in the small city who gave such evidence of artistic talent that his fellow citizens subscribed $1000 to send him abroad to study sculpture. As the young man was in love he married a little New England girl and brought her with him. He studied hard, worked hard — too hard, perhaps. At the end of three years the money was gone and the young man's country brain had withered in the hot atmosphere of the Quarter. He was a failure, they knew it over at home; no one cared to aid him again. When starvation finally came to them the young man was in such a condition that he had to be removed to the insane asylum at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris. Even there certain things had to be bought for him; there were certain cares that his wife could give him, three days a week, when she was admitted to see him. So she would not leave him — nor Paris. But to live — to live — to live!

She was twenty-two years old, a slim and pretty American girl. She had been a school teacher. She could not sew nor work in any woman's way. She could not gain a sou at any honest business.

What did she do?

I give you a thousand guesses out of a thousand and one.

She had helped her husband with his modeling; she knew a little of the craft of casting, so she made a cast of a five-franc piece — a coin the size and value of a silver dollar — melted a tawdry metal spoon into the mould, and then went out and tried to pass the childish counterfeit. She is in prison now; the husband, weakly imbecile, is in an insane asylum.

Art, my children: there is nothing so noble and pure as art; let us live for it, and, if need be, send our wives to prison for sake of it. (I wonder if I shall ever have the courage to say this to Algernon — or to Mrs. Algernon, busy until midnight over fashion plates.)

The Sale of The Bird-Seller

Over on the gray hill of Montparnasse, among the studios and picture framers' shops, where one half of the population lives by giving afternoon teas and the other half by going to afternoon teas, there was great excitement. It was the last day for sending in pictures for the annual Salon. There was bustle in the studios, and hope ran high. The masterpieces that had been brooded over, nagged at for a year, and were not yet finished, were hurried to completion. Still shining with wet paint, splendid in new gilt frames, they were carted or carried away to be "sat upon" by the dreaded jury. There were hundreds of them; there were thousands of them — Daniels in smoky dens of lions, landscapes and sea-scapes, Herculean figures out of history, and slim girls dancing under modern electric lights, Venice and the Orient, cowboys and cattle, portraits — there was every subject youth could invent or remember. And of all these thousands of pictures how many think you will be chosen? A few score; perhaps a dozen or two. The lucky chaps will grin and set to work with new heart. Those who have been turned away will carry their masterpieces back to the studios; will stare at them, wonderingly; will take the proverbial twenty-four hours for "cursing the judges;" and then begin another masterpiece for the next Salon. It is fascinating, this game of painting for the Salon; it has all the splendid uncertainty — the cold and hot fits of fear and hope — of breeding a winner for the Derby. Men grow old at it. Little women lose their youth over it. But the fascination never quite goes out of the game. And the reward, when once the game is won, is two lines in a fat catalogue of four hundred pages; something like this:

> Hawkins, Algernon; born at New York, 1868, pupil of M. Gerome; Temple of Diana.

That is all; and of the thousands who idle through the Salon no one will notice it — no one, that is, but Mr. Hawkins and Mrs. Hawkins and the score of friends they lead up to it.

"It's bound to go in this time," said Algernon joyously; he was standing on the coachman's seat of a cab and hauling up the Temple of Diana. I was on the sidewalk,

$3

Hawes HATS

Our reputation and full guarantee stand back of every hat we sell. If you cannot get a HAWES HAT in your city send three dollars, your height, waist measure, and size hat worn, state color, and if a stiff or soft hat is wanted. Either of our stores will send you the new Fall and Winter shape, express prepaid.

Hawes Hat Company
New York Boston

It's Flat!

And it's comfortable because it's [illegible] why there [illegible]

Brighton SILK GARTER

than all other garters [illegible] It's the [illegible] garter that was ever [illegible]

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

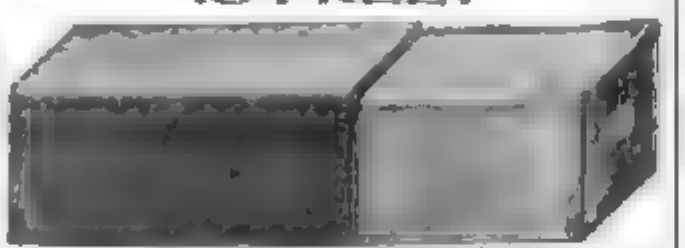
It's all wrong!

TWO and two do not make five, but two fives make ten — ten cents — for which you can have a trial three months' subscription [illegible] THE COUNTER [illegible] and add to your income read THE COUNTER — the salespeople's own and only magazine — read by clerks everywhere.

The Counter
200 Greene St.,
New York

UNTIL 1902 FREE — If you send 50 Cents for one year's subscription we will send the paper now and date your subscription from the first of next January.

THIS UNIQUE BOOK IS FREE!


[illegible] of the Book

"A GOOD Story About a GOOD System"

A [illegible] BEST [illegible] CHEAPEST CARD INDEX SYSTEM. It will save you Time and Money. [illegible] by Saving [illegible] Book [illegible] prove this. [illegible]

NEAL-CLARK CO., Office 98, Rochester, N. Y.

The "King" Fly Killer

Pat'd Jan 9, 1900

Size, 5 x 18 inches

Flies are the worst in the Fall;
Buy the King Fly Killer, saves trouble,
That's All.

The "King" Fly Killer is made of a specially prepared light [illegible] netting, it kills without crushing, and you can clean [illegible] of all flies in a few minutes.

Sent by mail, one for 15c, two for 25c, or one dozen for $1.00

Postage or change accepted.

R. R. MONTGOMERY & CO., Decatur, Illinois

IVER JOHNSON

SEMI-HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC EJECTOR
SINGLE GUN TRIGGER ACTION
THE TRIUMPH OF THE NEW CENTURY
HONEST GOODS HONEST PRICE
MADE TO SHOOT ACCURATELY

A Perfect Gun at a Popular Price, $9.50

Made on Entirely New Principle

No Top nor Side Action
Absolutely Safe

[illegible] results are conclusive. The

Iver Johnson
Fire Arms

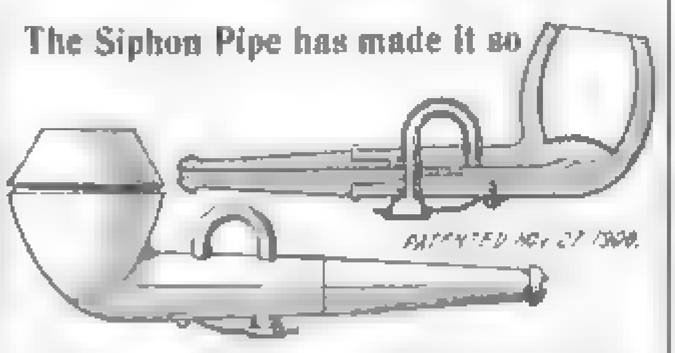
show it. They are the triumph of the New Century. Look for our name on barrel of every gun — none genuine without it.

Ask your local dealer or send for Catalogue

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A. N.Y. Office, 99 Chambers St.
Manufacturers of the well known Iver Johnson Bicycles [illegible] Revolvers. *Established 1871*

Pipe Smoking
Made Healthful

The Siphon Pipe has made it so


PATENTED NOV 27 1900.

It is made with a reservoir into which all the poisonous nicotine flows.

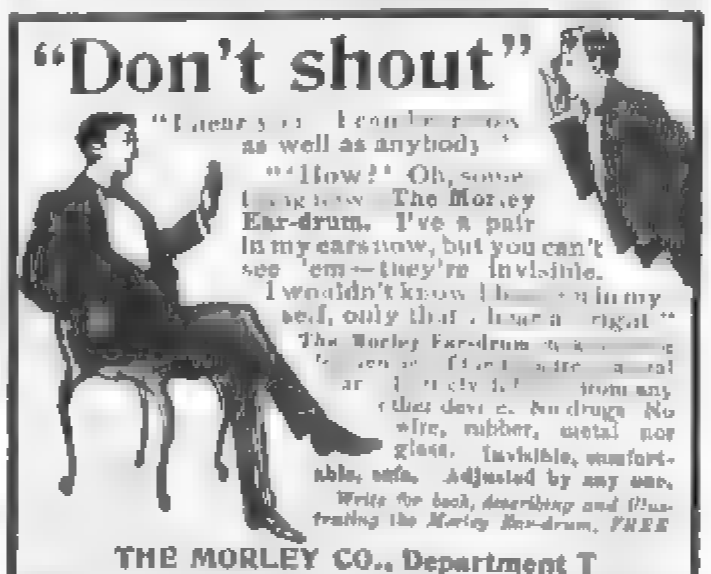
The siphon makes it impossible for the nicotine to be drawn into the mouth. Prevents the saliva reaching the tobacco. Bowl always dry.

Blowing through the stem removes the nicotine. It can be done while smoking. It makes pipe smoking non-injurious because it affords a clean, wholesome, enjoyable smoke, without that "old pipe" odor and taste.

Made of French Brier, with Aluminum Siphon and American Amber, Horn or Rubber Stem. A handsome pipe in every way.

$1.00 by mail. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. If in doubt, write for booklet.

THE SIPHON TOBACCO PIPE CO.
Room 556 S, 11 Broadway, New York


"Don't shout"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."

"How?" Oh, something new — The Morley Ear-drum. I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em — they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had 'em in my self, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Ear-drum [illegible] from any other device. No drugs. No wire, rubber, metal nor glass. Invisible, comfortable, safe. Adjusted by any one. *Write for book, describing and illustrating the Morley Ear-drum, FREE*

THE MORLEY CO., Department T
N. E. Cor. 16th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

EXPERTS ON FRICTION

SAY that

DIXON'S

Cycle Chain
Graphite and Graphitoleo

used on cycle chains, bearings or coaster [illegible], reduces friction [illegible] Nothing will make your wheel run so easily. When not obtainable will send sample for 10 cents. *Don't fail to try it.*

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Jersey City, N. J.

Do You Write Ads?

We Save You Money, Time, Work, Worry
Write [illegible] valuable information — free
Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio

Bremner's Butter Wafers

Any Meal is the better for the addition of Bremner's Butter Wafers

The Thinnest, Lightest, Flakiest biscuit created by the baker's skill. Touched with an appetizing flavor of salt.

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tilting the temple toward him, while Mrs. Algernon stood near by giving good advice.

At last the huge picture was safely hoisted on the roof of the cab, and Algernon, squatting cross-legged beside it, held it steady. We shouted good luck to him and the cab jogged off.

"He's been ten years painting it," said Mrs. Algernon, "and if he fails this time—he's so sensitive, you know—it will break his heart."

"Nonsense," said I; "he will paint another."

"He's so hopeful now. You know that little picture of his—The Bird Seller—well, it's sold."

"Sold!"

"Day before yesterday. It was some one he met at the *café*; an American—a man of excellent taste. He paid five dollars for it. Oh, of course, it wasn't much, but it was the first picture Algernon has sold. You can imagine how delighted we were. So Algernon bought a new pair of shoes and took me to dinner at his *café*—oh, it was splendid!"

"It's the beginning," said I; "now if he'd paint a few more——"

"Algernon says it's lowering—that it's cheap and pretty art—and if the public won't take his great picture they sha'n't have anything. He's very firm and noble about it. You know he didn't paint The Bird-Seller for the public; it was merely a study for his great picture."

"But think of the new shoes and the dinner at the *café*, and ——"

Mrs. Algernon flamed up.

"Do you think I'd let him sacrifice his future for shoes and dinners! Of course, if anything happened to me——" she added thoughtfully. "But nonsense! I've all the work I can do. Only it is a pity Algernon is not more diplomatic. He's so proud, you know—he won't yield an inch—he won't let any one help him—he simply disdains patronage."

I didn't find any answer ready, so I went away. It is strange, when you think it over, how little most wives know of their husbands. Now, Mrs. Algernon's idea of Algernon was about as accurate as the figures she draws—poor little woman—for the fashion-plates. Algernon not let any one help him! Algernon disdain patronage! Algernon not diplomatic! Why, his best friends have called him "Poodle Hawkins" any time these five years.

It's an old story now, but it's none the worse for that.

The Beguiling of Père Floersheim

Mallock met him one day and said: "Hello, Algernon; I suppose you're going to Père Floersheim's dinner to-night?"

"Père Floersheim gives a dinner to-night?" said Algernon.

Père Floersheim, the old picture-dealer, is both shrewd and hospitable; he dines the young artists now and then, in bunches of a dozen or so, and very often something comes of it. There is honor in dining with Papa Floersheim; also there are business opportunities to be thought of, not to mention the dinner.

"That's strange," said Algernon to Mallock; "why, I saw Père Floersheim only yesterday. He'd just taken his poodle out to get it shaved and was on his way home. We stopped to talk, but he didn't say a word about the dinner."

"It's for to-night," said Mallock.

"Excuse me," said Algernon; "I must be off. I'll meet you at the *café* in a few minutes. Papa Floersheim should never have had that poor little dog shaved yesterday—it was a nasty, raw day, and she is so delicate—I'll go and see how she is."

In less than ten minutes Algernon made his appearance in the *café*, smiling.

"Well?" asked Mallock.

"Oh, Fifine is all right," said Algernon. "You'll be glad to know she didn't take cold; an intelligent little dog! It was wonderful the way she took to me. I happened to have a few pieces of chocolate in my pocket and she simply wolfed them. Papa Floersheim was quite touched."

"And the dinner?"

"Oh, you're quite right; the dinner is for to-night. Not a large affair. I don't know how many of us there will be. Anyway, I prefer these small and cozy dinners. Well, I must be off. I have to look up a dress suit somewhere."

Not diplomatic? Oh, Mrs. Algernon! Mrs. Algernon!

Perhaps, after all, it is a good thing that our womenkind do not know us too well.

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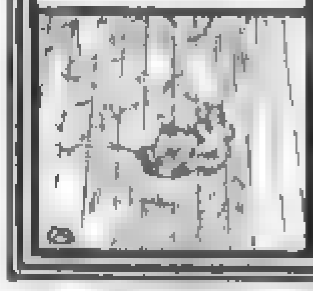

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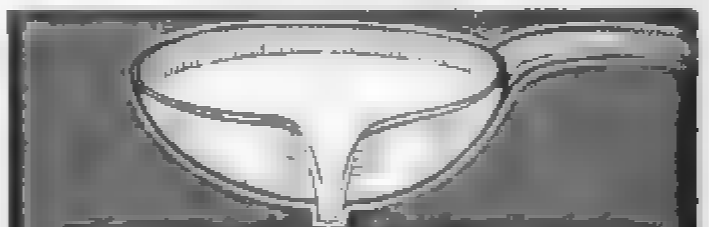

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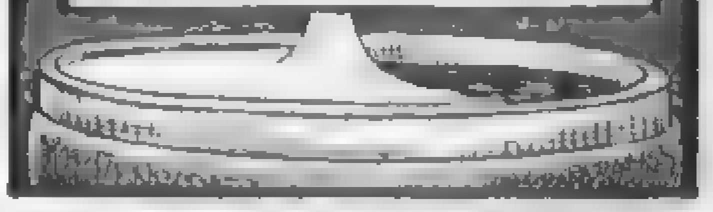

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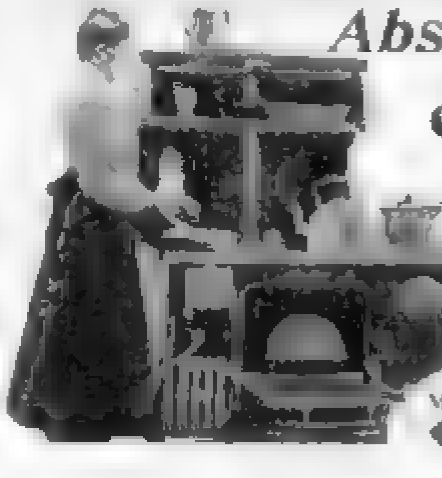

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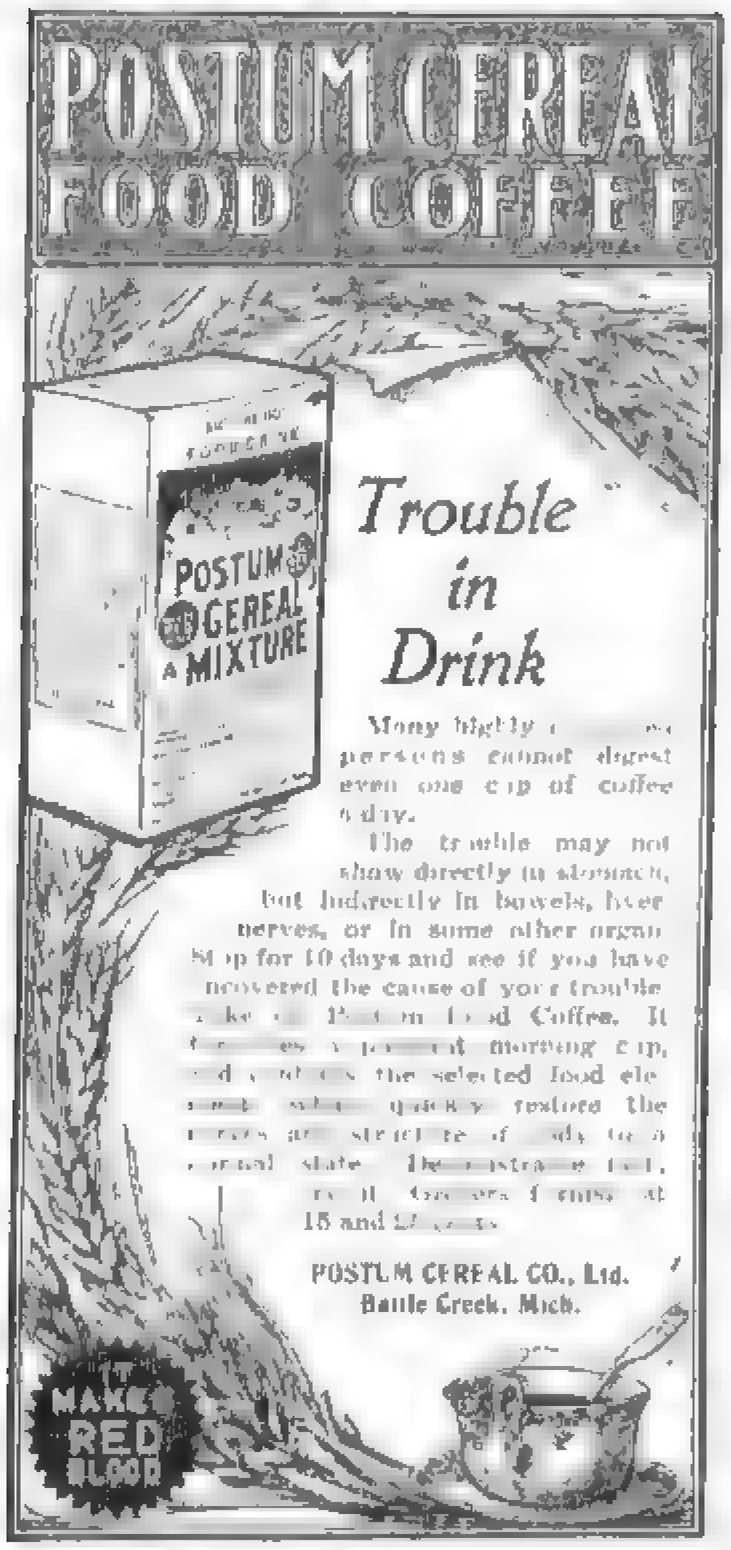

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Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

A Story of American Politics

Mr. Francis Churchill Williams has manifested an admirable courage in the title and sub-title of his first novel, J. Devlin — Boss: A Romance of American Politics (*Lothrop Publishing Company*). Readers who are over wearied with excursions into far-away realms and satiated for the nonce with romances of noble Huguenots and notorious freebooters, must turn with something like relief to the presentation of home truths, whether they be pleasant or painful to contemplate. The broad field of American politics has freebooters of its own who need bow the knee to none, and by whose side that dazzling story-book sinner, the Master Thief, shines with a chastened light. It is not this view of the case, however, that Mr. Williams endeavors to present. His "Boss" is no splendid [illegible] of the city's wealth, but a fairly respectable citizen, albeit reared among local politicians who make thieving the serious business of their lives. His extraordinary [illegible] fits him for his chosen path. The boy Jimmy, though presumably of Irish extraction, never fights. He leaves that diversion to simpler souls. It is his part to watch, to listen, to outwit, to make money, to become when still young a power in the deep mire of municipal corruption. He is not such a fool as to cultivate a conscience and of honor — as a gentleman understands the term — he has naturally no conception. He can tell the truth, keep his word, stand by his friends and his party, and back up the bank of which he is president with his private wealth; but a vote is to him as simple an article of merchandise as a potato, and he regards a taxpayer very much as the Swiss hotel-keeper regards a tourist — in the light of legitimate and Heaven-sent prey. The situation is summed up lucidly in his own unhesitating admission: "I guess what we politicians are doing is trying to get all that we can without getting brought into court."

This is not an inspiriting view of "the government of the people, by the people, for the people" which "shall not perish from the earth." Contemplating it, there rings in our ears the unwelcome echo of Froissart's pitiless words: "What does a base-born man know of honor? His sole wish is to enrich himself, as an otter that entereth a fish-pool." The admirable temper in which the book is written, and its humorous acceptance of things as they are, intensify our discontent. Mr. Williams understands his craft. He is guiltless of asperity. He does not seek to preach, to defend, to reform. He describes the complicated machinery by which a great city is run for the benefit of a few score of men; and he endeavors with conscientious art to show how character develops in this strange school. Jimmy Devlin's private virtues make his civic vices more glaring and hopeless. He is so kind, so generous, so fond of babies! One remembers Sydney Smith: "I had rather Mr. Percival had whipped his boys and saved his country."

For the rest, this "Romance of American Politics" is an accurate picture of an unlovely world; of men who mount the ladder of success with swift and steady feet; of women who sell newspapers in their childhood, and see their smart sons married to the daughters of railway magnates; of that shifting current of life with which we are so familiar, and in which nothing ever seems to remain in the place where it was originally put. It is a book which would make a European gasp, but of which we know the truth.

—*Agnes Repplier*

Anthony Hope and His Mother

An American author who has recently returned from London, where he came much in contact with Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, tells this anecdote illustrating one of the most charming personal traits of the famous novelist.

Mr. Hawkins has private apartments in Buckingham Street, next door to the house in which William Black lived for many years. This place is about a mile from the parish house occupied by the author's father, who is a rector of the Established Church. The constant coming and going of parishioners at the old home made it impossible for the novelist to enjoy the privacy and immunity from interruption necessary to the prosecution of his literary labors, and compelled him to find a working place away from his parents' house.

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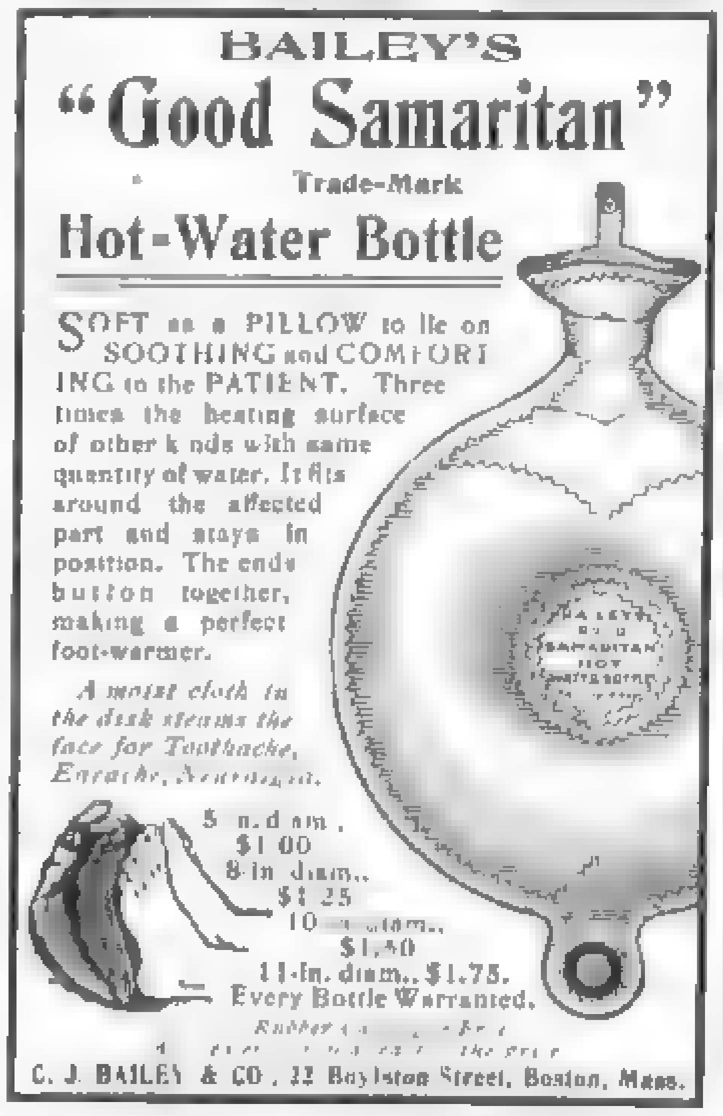

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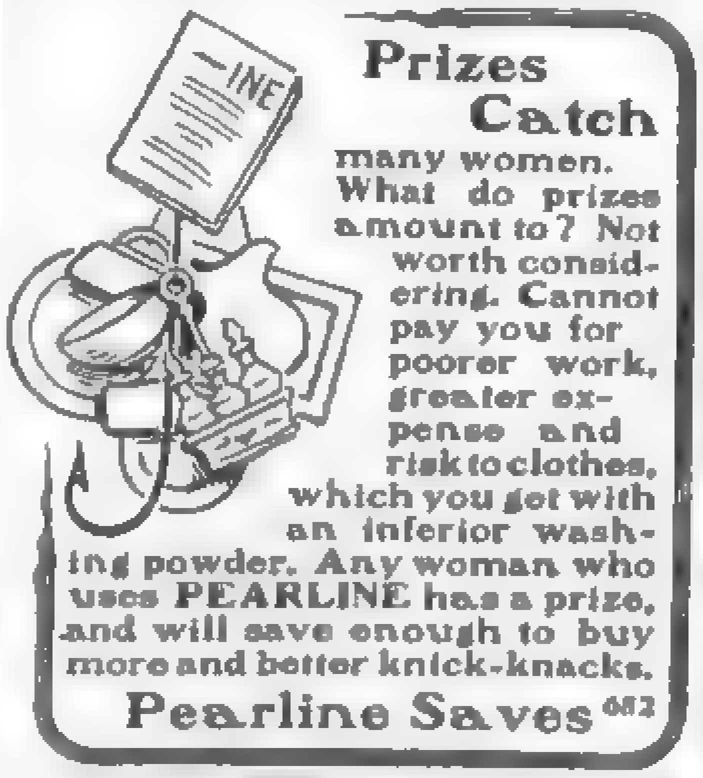

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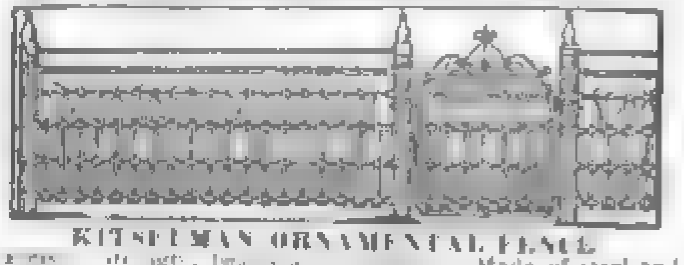

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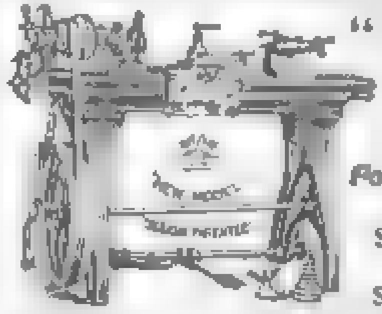

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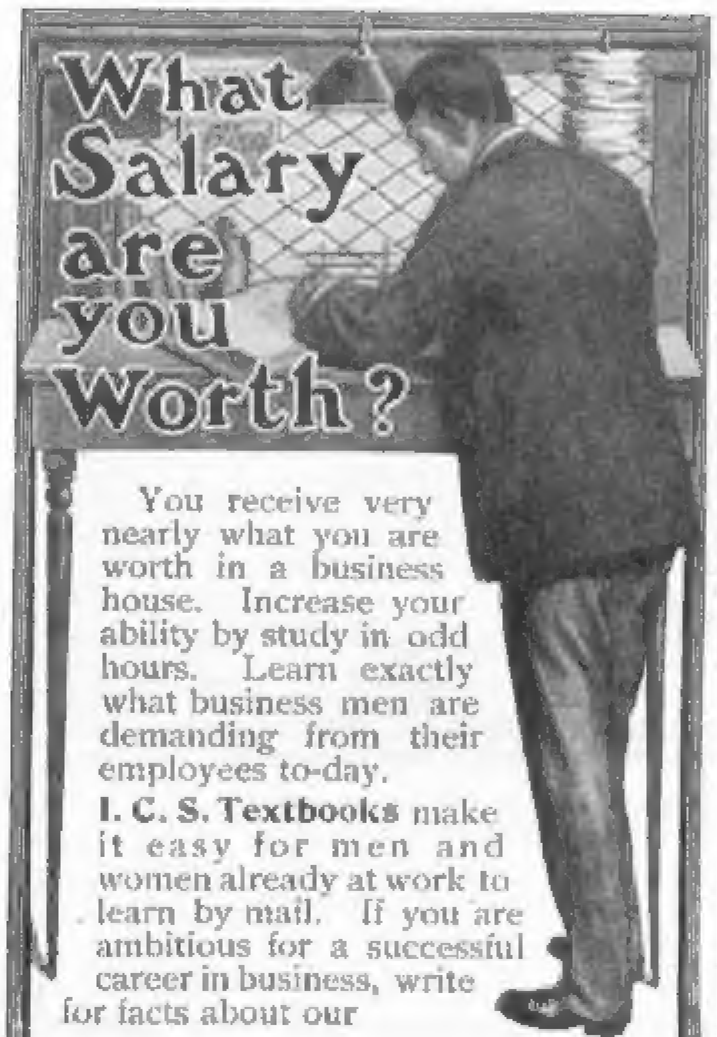

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He had just entered into the full enjoyment of this arrangement when he discovered that his absence from the family roof was a source of keen anxiety to his mother, who could not bring herself to relinquish her motherly solicitude for the comfort of her son. She was in constant fear that he was not properly cared for and spent many wakeful hours at night worrying over him.

Immediately on learning of her anxiety the son asked permission to spend his nights in his old room under the family roof, using his apartments in Buckingham Street simply as a place in which to do his work. Every night, and often at great inconvenience, he returns to the parish house, solely to insure the peace of mind of his mother, who is now well advanced in years.

Mr. Stockton and the Florist's Cow

The statement is frequently made among the friends of Mr. Frank R. Stockton that he was born under a lucky star, and it would almost seem that some of his experiences were designed solely to go toward proving the truth of this assertion.

It has been Mr. Stockton's custom to pass the winter months away from his summer home. When he and his family returned in the early spring after these prolonged absences, it was frequently found that the house plants had died during their absence from lack of care. Instead of vigorous and flourishing palms and ferns, the majority of the plants were wholly beyond resuscitation, only a few pale, spindling growths showing any signs whatever of life.

After several experiences of this kind Mr. Stockton decided that a less troublesome plan would be to rent plants from a florist during the time of his summer stay; so the next year a near-by florist received orders to supply Mr. Stockton's summer place with plants. Porches and grounds were decorated, and the family congratulated themselves not only on the beauty of the new decorations but also on the fact that there need be no worry over the future life of the plants, for when the time came for the winter flitting they could be sent back to the florist, and thus the family would be freed of responsibility for them during the cold weather.

But one night a cow gained entrance to the premises and the next morning, when the master of the house appeared, disorder and desolation met his eye. The hired plants were ruthlessly torn and trampled, and before Mr. Stockton's mind there arose a vision of an irate florist demanding payment for his ruined plants. But (as though to prove the truth of the assertion of Mr. Stockton's connection with a lucky star) it was found that the intruder who had caused all the destruction was—the florist's own cow!

Mr. Herrick and Mr. Fitch

Mr. Robert Herrick, the author, and Mr. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, recently traveled together in Sicily. The evident attachment which has sprung up between these two workers in distinct but related fields of literary effort affords a striking example of attraction between dispositional opposites. No author is more courageously devoted to the canons of his art, without regard to the verdict of popular opinion, than is Mr. Herrick, whereas Mr. Fitch is a confessed student of "popular demand," and correspondingly sensitive to the verdict of the masses.

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Defending Sea Beaches

A new method of protecting beaches from destruction by the sea has been patented by a man of Catskill, New York. It utilizes for the purpose "mattresses" of a peculiar kind, which are placed on the sand at low tide and anchored with "mushroom" anchors. They may be more properly described, perhaps, as carpets, being woven of willow or straw, bound together with a warp of wires. A series of them, arranged in rows, furnishes a covering for the beach and is planned to preserve it from attack by the waves.

All along the Jersey coast, as well as on other shores, the encroachment of the ocean has caused much anxiety during recent years. The sea seems to be steadily advancing, and the carrying away of the sands has been a serious matter to owners of real estate, affecting the value of contiguous property. In some places systems of jetties have been extended outward beneath the breakers, to prevent them from washing away the beach—an effective method usually, but one involving a great deal of expense.

It is claimed that the mattresses, or carpets, not only form a barrier to break the force of the surf, but also assist the deposit of sand that is brought by the water. If it is true, as alleged by some geologists, that the whole of the Jersey coast is sinking steadily at the rate of about six feet in a century, all contrivances for opposing the advance of the ocean are valueless as permanent obstacles to its irresistible march, but, from the viewpoint of the present generation, it is amply worth while to delay the process as long as possible.

The Phonograph with Pictures

Long ago Mr. Edison suggested that it would be practicable to utilize the phonograph in connection with pictures, and two or three ideas of this kind have been patented recently. One contrivance, originated by a Jerseyman, is a nickel-in-the-slot machine, which is so arranged that the record cylinder, as it moves along, disengages a series of photographs. These drop into view one after another, while the instrument talks off an entertaining description of them.

Though the notion, so far as its practical application is concerned, is as yet in its infancy, there is no doubt that before long machines for combining the motion-picture with the talking voice will be placed on the market. One will then have the advantage of listening and seeing at the same time, which will be very striking and interesting. The performance of a skirt-dancer, as watched in moving photographs, will be accompanied by suitable music, and similarly with other forms of entertainment.

It seems altogether probable that, as predicted by the Wizard, phonographic records and motion-pictures of musical and other stage performances will be taken simultaneously in the not-distant future, so that both may be reproduced together.

Photographs that Talk

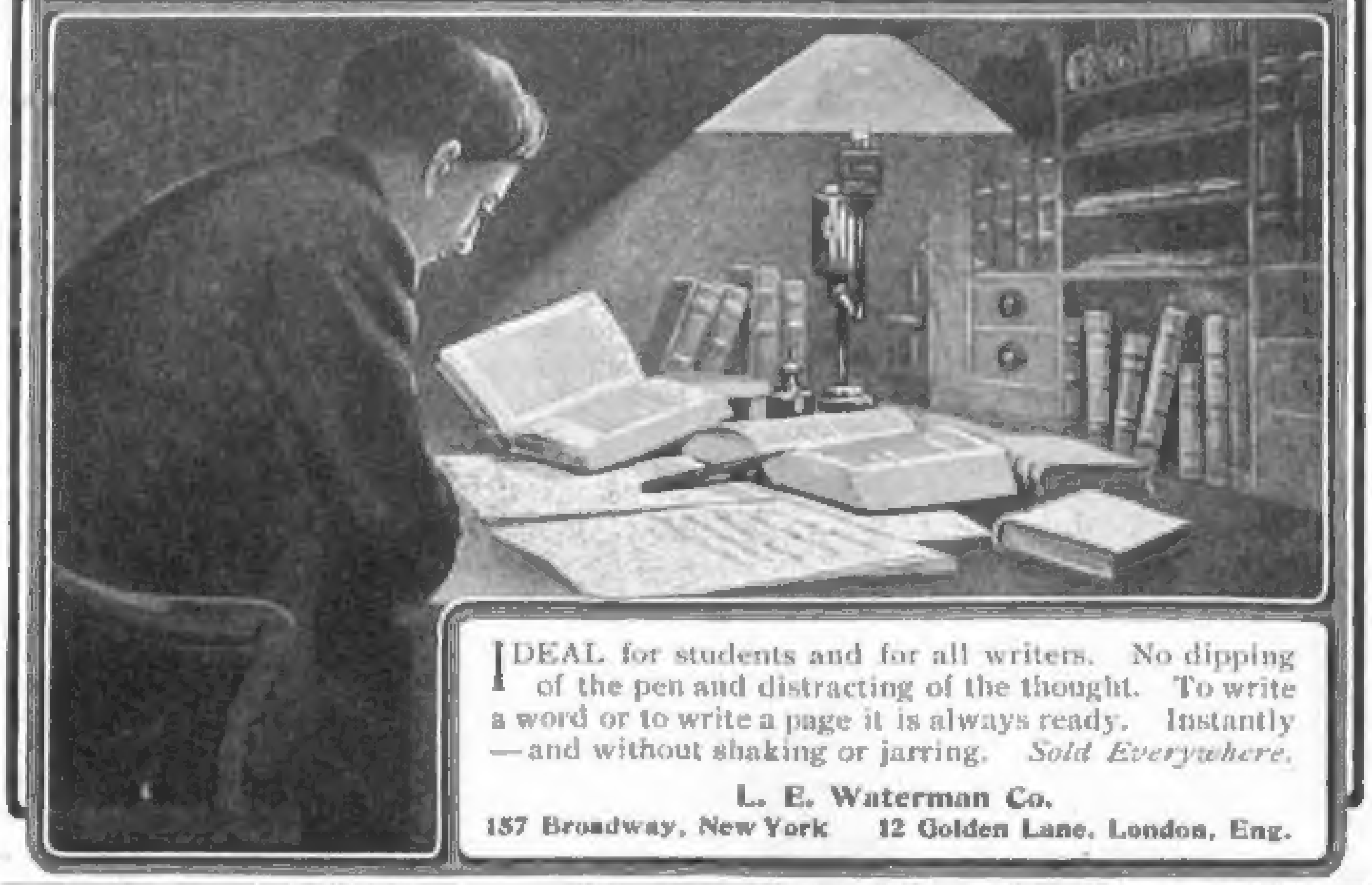
The physical properties of sound embrace a wide field, and, though one might suppose that the possible varieties of talking-machines had been pretty well exhausted, such does not appear to be the case. A new one has appeared in England which is based on a principle altogether novel, depending upon photography for its effects.

The contrivance in question utilizes a flame, lighted at the mouth of a pipe which is expanded below into a sort of box. On one side of the box is a diaphragm, against which a person talks. The vibrations of the diaphragm thus produced cause the flame, as one might expect, to jump up and down.

Now, while the talking goes on, the jumping flame is photographed on a moving film, the result being a band of varying intensity. To reproduce the sounds, a beam of light is projected through this band upon a selenium cell which is included in a circuit with a battery and a telephone.

The electrical conductivity of the selenium is varied by light, and the result of the passing of the beam is to cause variations in the current of the telephone circuit. Any variations in air-waves make sound, and thus the original voice of the speaker is accurately reproduced.

Sound records made in this way can be multiplied indefinitely by the use of photography.



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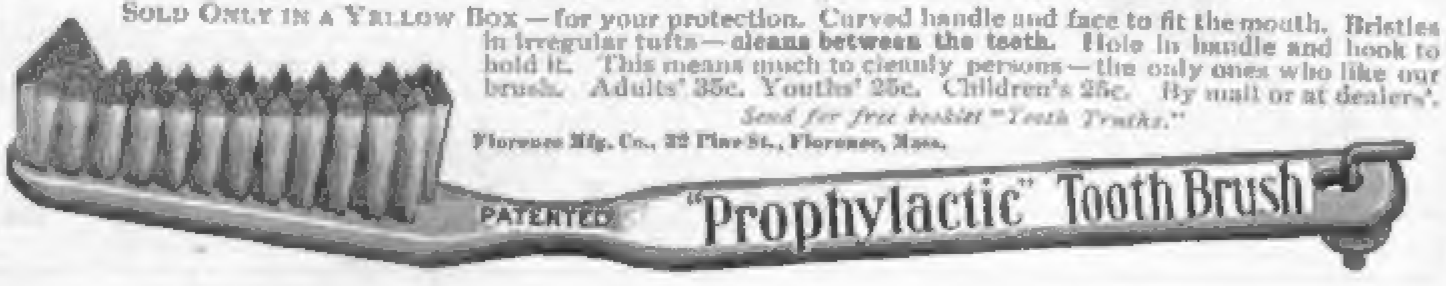

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This gilt-edged, Chester County (Penna.) property is well worth the $30,000 asked. It is in first-class shape in every respect, and the brick house, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, is a substantial, large and attractive one. There is a good-sized orchard (apples, pears, peaches, etc.) on the place, and sixteen acres of timber. Two streams cross the land. The distance to Avondale, Pa., the nearest post-office and railroad station, is one and one-half miles. Terms: one-half cash; liberal time on balance. Write for further particulars.

I have a number of country properties in Chester, Bucks, Montgomery and other nearby counties. One of them is at Gwynedd, and includes an attractive house, with twenty-one acres of land, at $7,500.

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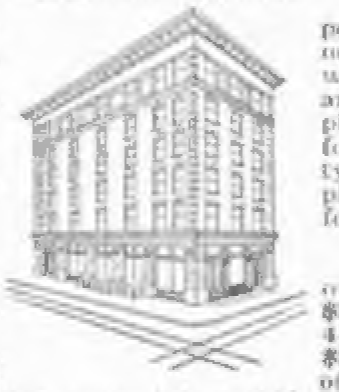

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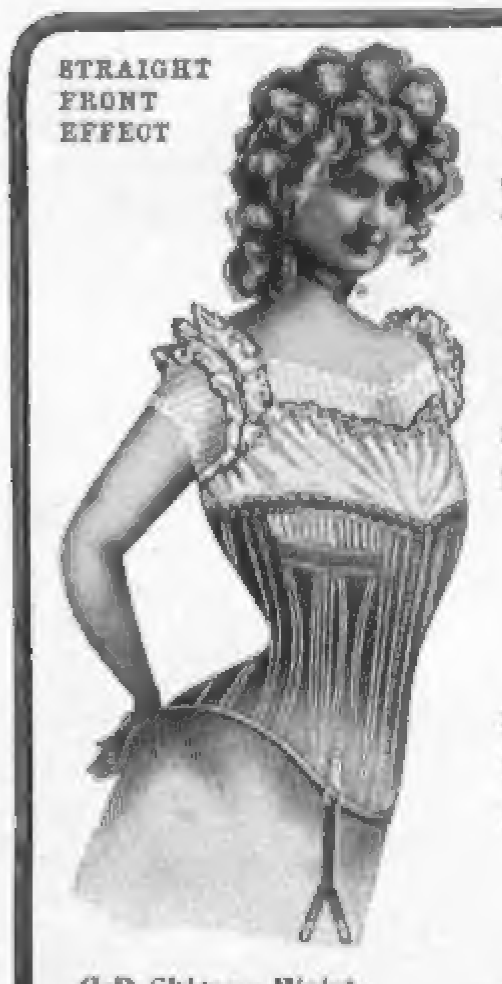

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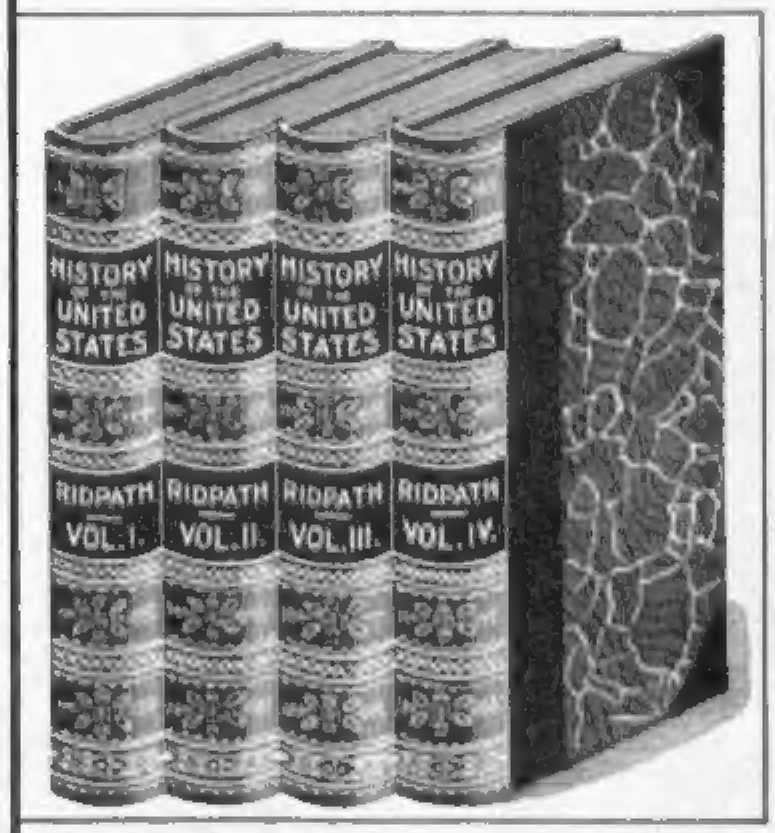

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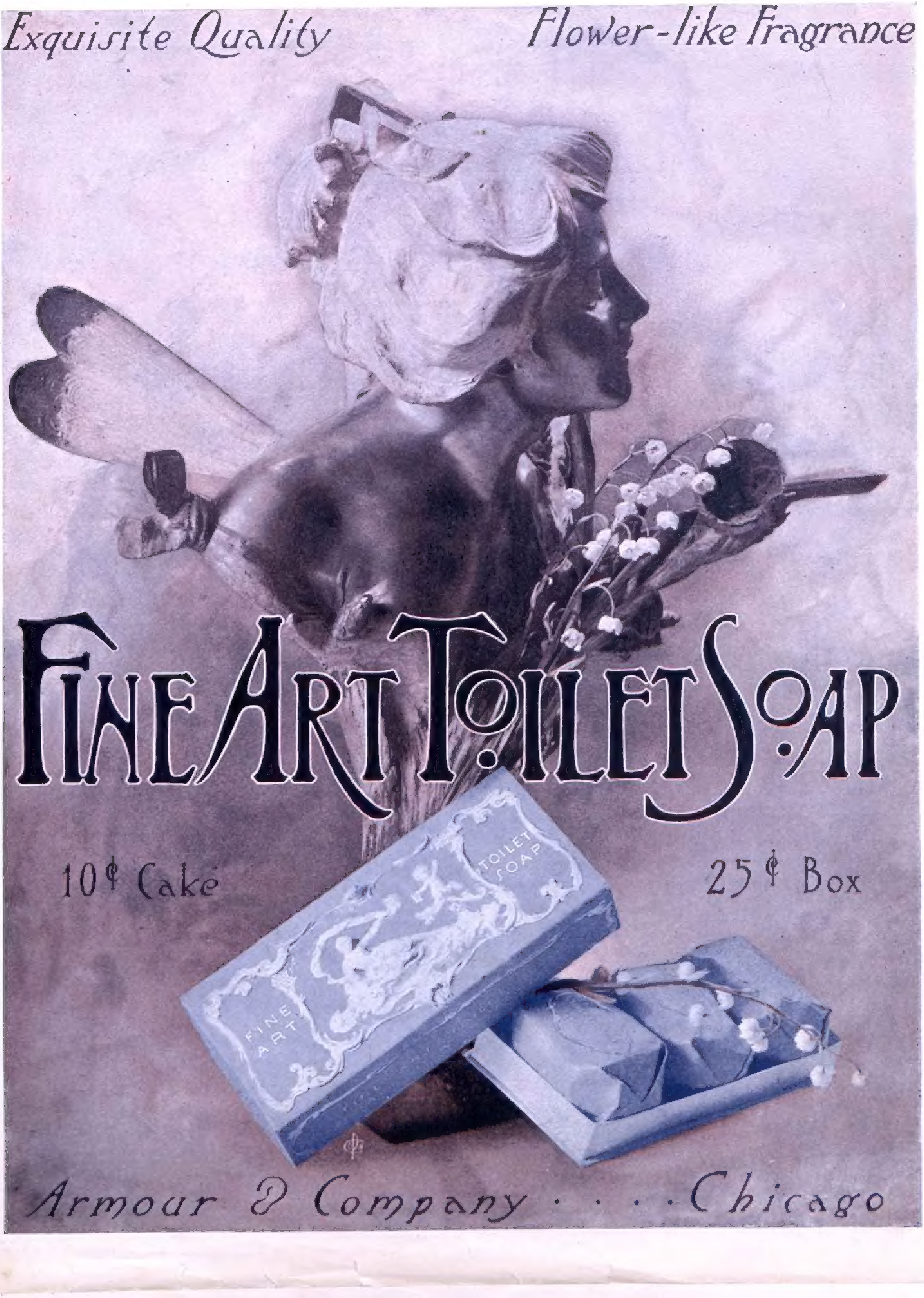

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